

THE
PARASITE.

VOL. II.

*Ten' asymbolum venire, unctum atque lautum e balneis,
Otiosum ab animo ! cum ille et cura et sumptu absumitur,
Dum tibi sit, quod placeat ; ille ringitur, tu rideas ;
Prior bibas, prior decumbas ; dubia cæna apponitur.*

*Hæc, cum rationem ineas, quam sint suavia, et quam
cara sint,*

Ea qui præbet, non tu hunc habeas plane præsentem Deum?

TER. PHORM. ACT. II. Sc. 2.

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M DCC LXV.

СТАНЦИОН

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

CHAP. I.

THE Reader is, for the first Time, introduced into the Company of some regular-bred Parasites. Their Portraits in Miniature attempted. A short Comment upon Female Frailty. Page 1.

CHAP. II.

Very serious Reflexions indeed!—being the
CHAPTER OF MORTALITY AND WILLS,
very proper to be read by all People who think they are to die, and have any Thing to leave; and by all Lawyers who would chuse to be employed in the Conveyance. 9

A 2

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. III.

Some Reasons for the Editor's sacrificing his Interest to his Conscience. The Narration regularly continued; and as regularly produces a very uncommon Conflict—A most serious Issue. 17

CHAP. IV.

A short Comment upon honourable Phlebotomy and the fighting Occupation. A very disagreeable Discovery indeed to Mrs. Fillet—The Sequel still more so. 27

CHAP. V.

A Rescue from the Fair Sex and Toad-eaters in Favour of our Hero. The salutary Resolution he takes of establishing a medicinal Character. The rapid Progress he makes in Criticism and Virtù. A Voyage to Seotland, and an important Interview. 34

CHAP. VI.

The DIPLOMATIC CHAPTER. 38

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. VII.

*An Account Current of the Practice of Physic
for One Year, together with the net Pro-
ceeds of Money and Acquaintance.* 62

CHAP. VIII.

*The CHAPTER OF POLITICS, or a Clue to
the Interests, Intrigues, and Machinations
of all the Princes in Europe; together with
an Explanation of the Constitution of Eng-
land, as it is at present affected: Being the
Ne plus ultra of ——— nothing.* 71

CHAP. IX.

*The present State of the Family and other
Correspondence between London and Wrex-
ham, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.* 79

CHAP. X.

*A Legal Introduction to an Oratorial Chapter
upon Fish; being the Substance of a Speech
Dr. Swallow made in the Society of Arts,
Manufactures, and Commerce, upon that
Subject.* 86

CHAP.

CONTENTS

CHAP. XI.

The Extent and Success of Dick's surprizing Scheme. The unfortunate Accident which happens to Mynheer Vanderbrocken, which nips our Hero's Glory in the Bud. 97

CHAP. XII.

The real PARASITICAL CHAPTER; or an Account of the Toad-eaters Club in ——— Street; with an Attempt towards delineating a few Characters known in the polite World. 106

CHAP. XIII.

*The MELANCHOLY CHAPTER———
Death and Poverty!* 117

CHAP. XIV.

Dick's Misfortunes multiply. An Adventure in St. Giles's, and the Mortification Dick meets with in a very essential Purchase. 122

CHAP.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. XV.

*Kate's Arrival in Town—The Mortification
she gives the Doctor at Lord Shallow's. A
Conference between Dick and his Enamorata.
The present Advantage he derives therefrom.
A Prospect of their Connexion.* 130

C H A P. XVI.

*Containing some valuable Secrets, whereby any
unfortunate Physician, Surgeon, or Apothe-
cary (eke Man-midwife) who is not possessed
of so extensive a Practice as he can desire,
may insure himself more Patients than he
can attend in one Week's Time—Founded
upon Experience, and confirmed by Suc-
cess,* 140

C H A P. XVII.

*A French Ragout dressed à la naturelle. A
Portrait of an English Nobleman at Paris.
The valuable Character we purchase abroad
for our Money. French Gratitude exempli-
fied,*

C O N T E N T S.

*fied, and French Courage put to the Test.
Some inestimable Drops, calculated for the
Meridian of Berkley, Grosvenor, Hanover,
and Cavendish Squares.* 151

C H A P. XVIII.

*The Camera Obscura of Genius; being a Sketch
of some modern literary Figures, done from
Still-Life.* 158

C H A P. XIX.

*Dick's Authorship completely illustrated; form-
ing a general Index to the present State of
IL-LITERATURE, as usurped by Booksellers,
Publishers, and Printers.* 165

C H A P. XX.

*A curious Dialogue that really occurred be-
tween a Patron and an Author.* 172

C H A P. XXI.

*A Dish of good Eating, cooked up according
to Glasse, and other celebrated Artists. By
a First Rate Toad-eater, after Twenty Years
Practice.* 179

T H E

T H E

P A R A S I T E.

C H A P. I.

The Reader is, for the first Time, introduced into the Company of some regular-bred Parasites. Their Portraits in Miniature attempted. A short Comment upon Female Frailty.

WE may now suppose the Doctor and Mrs. Fillet upon pretty good Terms; that is to say, that he had taken a ready-furnished Lodging for her in a decent Part of the Town, and allowed her a Couple of Guineas a Week for her Maintenance; and thereby in some measure rescued

VOL. II.

B

her

2 THE PARASITE.

her from the rapacious Jaws of Destruction. We may also suppose it was necessary to keep this Step a perfect Secret to Lady D—, who, though extremely benevolent herself, was not desirous that her Friend and Physician should be overburthened with this Virtue, particularly towards her own Sex. Notwithstanding the Necessity there was of taking many Precautions, and performing many *Extra-operations*, he found Means to elude any Discovery her Ladyship might make, by his want of Attention to her Health and Constitution. Yet he frequently dined with Mrs. Fillet, and almost constantly supped with her: In his Absence he had fortunately provided her with a Set of *Bons-vivans*, who prevented her falling into any State of Melancholy, or being troubled with a Dejection of Spirits. Amongst the Foremost of these was *Jack Reveall*, who piqued himself upon being a *d——d honest Fellow*. *Jack* had run through Ten thousand Pounds, and a good Share of Health, in Pursuit of Jollity.—He had sacrificed his Fortune and Constitution to Mirth and Frolic, and he now found a
State

THE PARASITE. 3

State of Mendicity the Goal of the Career of his Happiness. *Jack* had a greater Collection of double-entendre Toasts, and sung more humorous Songs; than any Choice Spirit about the *Garden*: He drew a long Cork with a peculiar Grace, and pronounced upon the Goodness of the Claret with uncommon Emphasis. These were doubtless sufficient Recommendations for him to a good Dinner, and he did not fail to plead his Privilege upon every favourable Occasion.

Mr. Skinflint was a Man of a very different Turn. He was possessed of an Annuity of One hundred Pounds a Year, out of which he saved Fifty, yet always appeared genteelly dressed, and eat and drank well——at other Men's Expence. *Mr. Skinflint* had the Art of insinuating himself into the Women's good Graces, by applauding their Wit, and admiring their Persons, yet in such a Manner as never to create any Jealousy on the Side of their real Admirers. He had always some little Story to tell, which he made pertinent to the Conversation that occurred, and generally concluded it with an indirect Compli-

ment to the Female Part of the Company. By these Means he passed for a *very well-bred Man* amongst all the Women in genteel Keeping; and as his Manners and Conversation flattered their Vanity, so it tickled his Palate at a small Price, having by this Means secured himself a Cover at almost every *kept Table* in the Purlieus of *Covent-Garden* and *St. James's*. Thus did Mr. *Skinflint* pass an easy, luxurious, indolent Life, save Fifty Pounds a Year, with the Approbation and Esteem of the Majority of the fine Women of this Metropolis, and that satisfactory Reflexion that he was a *Gentleman of a competent Fortune*. This is a Reflexion that few, who are not in the Capacity of making, either know its Value, or are able to relish the consolatory Savour it exhales. How fabulous to think a Man can strut at large, wear his laced Coat and his Sword, give himself Airs, and *do nothing!*—How much superior is this *rational self-important* Being to a Plebeian, who, though he may have amassed some Thousands by honest Industry, cannot

THE PARASITE. 5

cannot blazon a Coat of Arms, or call himself a GENTLEMAN!

Mr. *Stanza* seldom missed a Day of paying his Compliments to Mrs. *Fillet*; and he almost as frequently presented her with a Copy of Verses, an Ode, or an Acrostic, which either played upon her Name, or chimed upon her Virtues. Mr. *Stanza* was doubtless a great Poet, if the Quantity and not the Quality of his Productions were to ascertain the Standard of his Merit: Though we would not suppose him under any lunar Influence, it is certain he shone with more than common Brilliancy once a Month; and if you could not trace him by Initials tagged to an *Ænigma* in the *Universal*, you might be certain of finding him in a Version in the *Christian's*, or a *Rebus* in the *Royal*. Mr. *Stanza* is nevertheless reported to have uttered a good Thing, not knowing it to be stole, which it must be acknowledged was a Crime he was often guilty of. As he was going to correct a Proof at his Printer's, he unluckily run foul of his Taylor in *Pater-noster-Row*, who reminded him of a small Bill

6 THE PARASITE.

which remained unpaid. "Why (said *Stanza*)
"call upon me To-morrow Morning, and I
"will give you a Draught of *Helicon* upon the
"Bank of *Parnassus*." *I have no Objection to*
it (replied the Taylor) *if Mr. Helicon is a*
good Man and a Housekeeper.

Mr. *Hazard* was undoubtedly a Gentleman and a Man of Spirit: He had killed his Man, and thrown for a Thousand; but he had had a Run of ill Luck for some Time. Neither a Dupe nor a Duel had fallen to his Share for many Months; so that he lived upon Honour and Fortune in the Perspective, which he would however have found but very slender Diet, if Mrs. *Fillet*, and some other Ladies of the same Stamp, who had formerly shared his Beneficence, had not turned a grateful Eye towards his present Necessities. But Mr. *Hazard* was far from being an agreeable Associate for the Doctor, as he had an utter Aversion to Gamesters, and looked upon that *Sort of Honour*, for which he declared himself so great a Champion, as little better than the Mask of Villainy. For this Reason Mr. *Hazard* found it prudent to pay his Visits to
Mrs.

THE PARASITE. 7

Mrs. *Fillet* at such Times as he thought Mr. *Swallow's* Absence would render them the more pleasant to her and himself.

The Reader will be surprized to find the doughty, lofty, sneering, sarcastic, honourable Captain *Mac Campbell* among the Number of the Doctor's present Guests; especially when he considers what a *Coolness* succeeded the *Heat* in *Hyde-Park*, and that *Dick's* menacing Penury had dried up all the Rivulets of their supposed Friendship. Yet the Captain did not think it any Disparagement to wait upon Mrs. *Fillet* about Three o'Clock, praise her Cookery, and admire her Pastry.

Mrs. *Fillet*, and these Five Boarders, *Dick* may literally be said to have had in Keeping, as they scarce ever missed a Day of doing him the Honour of their Company. Our Hero was not at this Period so *thorough-paced a Parasite* as to know that the many Encomiums that were passed upon himself and Mrs. *Fillet* were in fact only so many Recommendations of the different Regales they met with, and that all Subject of Eulogium

8 THE PARASITE.

would have been removed if the Repast had been wanting.

We have sufficiently characterized Mrs. *Fillet* to point out that she must have been a weak Woman, from her first Condescension to *Dick*—the little Pains she took in attempting a Reconciliation with her Husband by Means of her Father—the Facility with which Mrs. *G——y* and the Upholsterer imposed upon her.—All these are so many Lineaments of her want of Discernment and Judgment. No wonder then that she should fall a Prey to the Artifices and Insinuations of Five *regular-bred Toad-eaters and Sycophants*, insensible of Reproach and callous to Resentment. No, Mrs. *Fillet* was thoroughly persuaded of their Pretensions to Gentility and Honour; and was therefore deeply penetrated with the Favours they daily conferred upon her, by the Indulgence of their Company.

C H A P.

CHAP. II.

*Very serious Reflexions indeed!—being the
CHAPTER OF MORTALITY AND WILLS,
very proper to be read by all People who
think they are to die, and have any Thing
to leave; and by all Lawyers who would
chuse to be employed in the Conveyance.*

“ **W**HAT a terrible Reflexion it is to
“ People possessed of a fine Fortune
“ and a good State of Health to think, that
“ in Despite of their Wealth, in Despite of
“ their present Vigour, they are still mortal;
“ —that neither Gold can bribe nor Youth
“ retard the cutting of the fatal Thread!
“ The *Parcæ* are to be sure most inexorable
“ Jades!—and if it were not for Fear of ir-
“ ritating them too much and too soon against
“ me, I would certainly indict them, for
“ many

10 THE PARASITE.

“ many a horrid, barbarous, cruel, and in-
“ human Murder that they have committed
“ within the Bills of Mortality—to go no
“ farther.”

This Reflexion struck *Dick* at a Time that he was no-way prepared for it—at a Time that he thought he had learned how to live, and, what is much more, procured the Means of doing it—at a Time he imagined he had baffled all the Wiles of the blind Goddess, and that he really had triumphed over Fortune:—But here comes the Sequel. Whether the Preparations the Doctor administered to Lady *D*— were proper for her Constitution, whether he gave them in sufficient or too great Quantities, or whether they were too potent or not sufficiently powerful; these Points the Doctor alone can determine, as it was a Secret he acquainted nobody with. This much is certain, that she never complained of any bad Effect arising from them; always took them chearfully, and seemed to consider them as pleasant and refreshing Draughts. The Doctor's *Arcanum* being thus rescued from any Imputations, it remains now
only

THE PARASITE. II

only to observe, that notwithstanding its Efficacy and constant Application, she was suddenly taken ill on the 29th Day of *December A. D.* 1759, and departed this Life the 2d Day of *January A. D.* 1760.

This unexpected Stroke, this seeming Reverse of Fortune, was what threw our Hero into a melancholy Mood, and made him cast out some Reflexions not altogether to the Praise of the Three worthy Sisters. He saw an End to all his golden Dreams; no Bank-Note-Fees were now to be expected—Pharmacy and the Counter stared him in the Face.

In the first violent Agitations of his Grief, for the Loss of Lady *Down*—’s Purse, he had absolutely forgot to enquire concerning her Will, though he had repeatedly heard her declare she should make one in his Favour. However having dried his Eyes, put his white Handkerchief thus bedewed in his Pocket, and called together the Servants of the House, they found themselves, by the Help of a small Cordial, in a Capacity of going in Pursuit of her Testament.

Her

12 THE PARASITE.

Her Lawyer, who was sent for, being arrived, opened the Will; and having acquainted them that the First Part he should pass over, as it was Matter of Form, he read as follows :

Item, I bequeath unto the Reverend Father Peter Skinner, my holy Confessor, a Legacy of Twenty Pounds a Year, arising from my said Estate in Hampshire, for the manifest Services he has already done my Soul; over and above Five Guineas a Year, to be paid him for Fifty Years, for praying One Day annually my aforesaid Soul out of Purgatory.

Item, I bequeath unto Roger Drivewell, my Body Coachman, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds, for his dutiful and attentive Services, and in order to enable him to marry and settle in the World, agreeable to his Merits.

“ These (said the Lawyer) are all the Bequests that she has made by this Will.”—

“ Indeed ! (said Dick) and is there no Codicil to it ?” “ None at all,” replied the Lawyer.

“ Why

“Why then (said he) I am pretty certain
 “there must be another of a subsequent
 “Date.” And proposing a second Search, Mr.
Skinner flew into a violent Passion, declaring
 that she never took any Step of so much Con-
 sequence without consulting him. *Dick* still
 persisted in his Resolution of examining, which
 the Coachman by this time as strenuously op-
 posed as the Father Confessor; and they cer-
 tainly would have carried their Point and this
 Will to be registered at the *Commons*, if the
 Lawyer had not declared, that he did now re-
 collect she had made a subsequent Will, which
 they presently found, wherein *Dick* had a Be-
 quest of 1500 *l.* leaving her Soul to work its
 own Way out of Purgatory, and passing over
 in Silence all *Roger Drivewell's dutiful and*
attentive Services. Upon this Discovery Fa-
 ther *Skinner* was more irritated than ever;
 saying, at one Time, he was sure she was
 damned beyond any Possibility of saving, and
 at others insinuating that he believed the last
 Will to be a Forgery. Notwithstanding these
 Insinuations, Law and Physic for once got
 the better of Religion, and Lady D——’s real
 last

14 THE PARASITE.

last Will and Testament was accordingly executed.

In searching for this valuable Testament, they met with the Copy of one which had been made by Lady D——'s Father; an Extract of which we shall subjoin to this Chapter of Wills and Mortality without any further Apology.

Item, I bequeath the Twenty thousand Pounds, which I expect from the Parliament for the Discovery of the Longitude, to my well-beloved Sister Jane, and the Heirs of her Body lawfully begotten; together with all Aggregate Interest thereon, from the Time of its Discovery.

Item, I bequeath all the Produce of the Philosopher's Stone (which I am on the Point of finding out) after the Payment of the National Debt, to my well-beloved Son Richard, and the Heirs of his Body lawfully begotten.

Item, I bequeath all the Lands where to I am to lay Claim in North America (which
are

are not yet discovered) to my well-beloved Brother Daniel; together with all Quit-Rents, &c. &c. &c.—At the same Time reserving all such Gold Mines as may be thereupon discovered, as Part of the Philosopher's Stone, to my said Brother Richard.

Item, I bequeath all my Works in Folio upon the Occult Sciences to my well-beloved Daughter Elizabeth Lady D——, and the Heirs of her Body lawfully begotten.

Item, I bequeath all my Lands in nubibus, together with the great Chain of Mountains I have just discovered in the Moon, as a Testimony of my sincere Attachment and Regard, to my worthy Friend Doctor John M——, that learned and elalozate Astronomer.

Perhaps the Reader may call in question the Authenticity of this last Will; but though we might refer him to the *Commons* for Conviction, we shall not put him to that Trouble or Expence: It will be only necessary to ask
him

16 THE PARASITE.

him which he thinks the most ridiculous of these Two Testaments, the first or the latter? And if he is not a bigotted Member of the Church of *Rome*, I apprehend he will readily answer the first. Yet I believe no Man, who is acquainted with the Doctrines and Rites of that Church, will pretend to deny that many Bequests are daily made for the praying of Souls out of Purgatory in a *limited Time*.

C H A P.

CHAP. III.

Some Reasons for the Editor's sacrificing his Interest to his Conscience. The Narration regularly continued, and as regularly produces a very uncommon Conflict——A most serious Issue.

I MUST acknowledge I think we have made *Dick* a Man of Fortune rather too soon, considering we have scarce carried him through a Volume, and that he has not yet appeared in the Character which he bears. It certainly would have been more politic in me to have kept him in a State of Indigence as long as I could, that I might have made a Cat's Paw of him at Will: For how can a Man in Affluence be ridiculous? How can a Man of Fortune be entertaining? Poverty alone can make him a risible Object—Indi-

18 THE PARASITE.

gence alone holds him up to general Satire. But having considered the Case philosophically, casuistically, and biographically, I conceived that it might be an erroneous Opinion ; and though sanctified by Custom, be nevertheless ill grounded, to imagine that the Misfortunes of Mankind were the only Sources of Pleasantry ; and I could quote a sufficient Number of philosophical Authorities to support my Argument, if I might not thereby destroy the very End I propose ; namely, *To make Dick still an agreeable Companion, though he is no longer obliged to play at Hide-and-Seek with Bailiffs, run a Tick for a Dinner, or skewer up his Breeches, to prevent the Visibility of his Nakedness.*

As a Casuist I could not reconcile to myself consistently, either the advancing of Falsities, knowing them to be such, or the endeavouring at enriching myself by rendering another Man poor ; and lastly, as a Biographer I was under the Necessity of relating Facts and Events really as they occurred, otherwise I became accountable to my Readers on the Score of good Faith and Veracity.

These,

THE PARASITE. 12

These, and a Thousand other as cogent Reasons, induced me to proceed in a regular Manner in tracing our Hero through his various Vicissitudes, till such Time as we have placed him———

But to avoid Anticipation, which is the most disagreeable Thing in the World to a Reader of Taste, we must not antedate in this Place any Event, but let it succeed in chronological Order—So that we just now find him set down at Mrs. *Fillet's* to Dinner, with all his worthy Guests about him, Mr. *Hazard* not excepted.

Though our Hero was dressed in a woful Suit of Black, agreeable to the late mortal Event, yet we cannot find that the Lineaments or Features of his Face had imbibed any of the solemn Particles of his Dress. Though it must be acknowledged that for some Hours after Lady *D*———'s Decease, a Change of Countenance was very visible in him, and it remained doubtful whether he would for a long Time, if ever, recover his former Cheerfulness, when, by some extraordinary Virtue inherent in Parchment, blotted and sealed in a

20 THE PARASITE.

peculiar Manner, an Application was no sooner made to his visual Parts, than he recovered his Complexion, regained his Appetite, and in a word discovered a general and agreeable Glow through his whole Frame. Whether or no the Application of Black to the other Parts of his Body, and particularly his Heart, which had before this Time felt some very unusual and disagreeable Emotions, did not by a certain Kind of inexplicable Sympathy and Analogy (no-way electrical) completely extract every remaining Vestige of Solemnity, we shall leave Chemists, Anatomists, Physicians, and Metaphysicians to determine. Be this as it may, it is most certain that *Dick* never appeared with a more chearful Countenance, or a more seemingly satisfactory Brow, than at this very Period.

Toasts, Healths, and Sentiments had twice gone about, when Mr. *Hazard* thought a Round at *Lansquenet*, or a little Brag, would mightily improve the Conversation. Had such a Proposal come from any other Quarter, it would in all Likelihood have met with a more favourable Reception; but Mr. *Hazard's* Character

Character and Conversation were sufficient Reasons for *Dick's* absolutely refusing to touch a Card ; which Mr. *Hazard* construed into so direct an Affront, that he very abruptly left the Room and the Company, giving *Dick* a very significant Look at his Departure. Mr. *Swallow*, though he was far from being displeased at his Absence, and would have been very glad never to have seen his Face again, did not however chuse to lie under the Imputation of being brow-beat ; and was therefore getting up to follow Mr. *Hazard*, in order to know if he had any thing to say to him in private : But upon this Occasion he met with immediate Interruption, not only from Mrs. *Fillet* (who had constantly watched the Eyes of Mr. *Hazard* and Mr. *Swallow* from the Moment that Cards became the Topic of Conversation, and who shrewdly guessed what might be the Consequence of Mr. *Swallow's* following him) but also from Mr. *Stanza*, Mr. *Skinflint*, and Mr. *Roveall*. Captain *Mac Campbell* was the only Person present who did not interfere, imagining, it is to be supposed, that it might draw from him such

22 THE PARASITE.

Explanations upon this Head as might renew in the Doctor's Mind his former insolent Behaviour, and perhaps bring him into the same Disgrace as Mr. *Hazard*. But if the Captain remained tacit upon this Subject, Mr. *Stanza* availed himself of the Opportunity of displaying his Talents, and exercising his Rhetoric. He began by setting forth, "Assuredly every Man had an indubitable Right to be Master in his own House; and that none but a Fool or a Madman could be displeased at his not engaging in a Party that was disagreeable to him: That therefore, as Mr. *Hazard* had by his Behaviour demonstrated himself to be either the one or the other, it would be much beneath Doctor *Swallow* to take any farther Notice of his Behaviour: That as to Courage, the Doctor had given such incontestible Proofs, as to put it out of the Power of any Bravo, however blustering, to call it in question; and indeed he thought it a great Hardship that a Man should either be compelled to let himself be
"fleece'd

“ fleeced of his Money in his own House, or
 “ have his Throat cut.”

Every one applauded the Pertinence of Mr. *Stanza's* Observations; and they so much pleased and convinced the Doctor, that he promised he would take no farther Notice of *Hazard's* Impertinence.

The Reader will, in all Probability, imagine that *Hazard* would never set his Foot again in the Doctor's House, after so abrupt a Departure; but in this he will find himself egregiously mistaken: For thinking that the Doctor by his Silence was afraid of him, and that he might now bully him into whatever he pleased, he came the next Day precisely at Three. Every one stared, but none more so than *Dick*, when Mr. *Hazard* said, “ You
 “ see, Sir, I do you more Honour than you
 “ deserve. I suppose, after your insolent Behaviour last Night, you did not think that
 “ I should ever condescend to make you another Visit; but it is requisite that there
 “ should be a Man of some little Breeding
 “ amongst you to teach you good Manners.”
Dick's Welsh Blood was in a very high Fer-

24 THE PARASITE.

ment long before *Hazard* had arrived at the *mannerly Part* of his Discourse, and he would certainly have knocked him down with a Bottle, if Mrs. *Fillet* had not seized hold of his Hand in the very critical Minute. Such a general Insult to the whole Company had now engaged every one in the Quarrel as deeply as *Dick* : So that the Captain had an Opportunity of testifying his Courage ; which he did, by saying, “ By my Troth, Man, you are a
 “ very abusive Cheil—Do you think that
 “ Gentlemen who bear the King’s Commission
 “ do not understand good Manners as well as
 “ yourself ?”

Such a luke-warm Remonstrance gave *Hazard* room to think that the Captain was not desirous of making any desperate Sally from whence he might not with Safety retreat. So that he imagined himself pretty safe in attacking the *Caledonian* with more Asperity than he had expected. “ Pray, Sir (said
 “ *Hazard*) do you intend to take the Quarrel
 “ into your own Hands, or play it out between you ? Look ye, Sir, if you have
 “ any thing to say to me in private, I am
 “ ready

"ready to hear you—At present I desire you
"would hold your Tongue. If you do not,
"I shall soon impose Silence upon you."

"You are the first Man (replied *Mac Campbell*)
"that ever told me he would make me
"hold my Tongue; and I should be glad
"to find you try the Experiment."

This Defiance was no sooner uttered than
Hazard took the Captain by the Nose;
which he immediately repented with a Blow
on the Face. And now Mr. *Hazard* told
him it was time to make some Apology to the
Lady, and retire; which they accordingly
did, notwithstanding every Endeavour that
was used to prevent Mr. *Mac Campbell* follow-
ing him.

Dinner had been for some time served,
and was cooling a-pace, when the Proposal
was made by Mr. *Swallow*, that the Gen-
tlemen present should follow, to endeavour
at preventing the Mischief that might be ex-
pected; but this was not at all relished by
either Mr. *Skinflint* or Mr. *Stanza*, both ex-
cusing themselves, by saying they did not
chuse to be concerned in such a disagreeable
Affair;

26 THE PARASITE.

Affair; as doubtless, in case any Mischief should happen, they would be called upon for Witnesses. But *Dick* and Mr. *Roveall* sallied forth in Pursuit of the Captain and Mr. *Hazard*, leaving the cautious Gentlemen to regale themselves in their Absence.

Hazard and *Mac Campbell* had so far got the Start of the Doctor and his Companion, that it was not till some Hours after that they could gain any Tidings of them. It seems they had repaired to a Tavern; and having called for a Room and a Bottle of Wine, they locked the Door and drew, when, after a few Thrusts, *Hazard* was wounded in the left Side: That upon his dropping, the House was alarmed, and the Waiters broke in, when they secured *Mac Campbell* till such time as the Surgeon's Opinion was obtained. The Gentlemen of the Faculty having given it as their Sentiments that the Wound was not mortal, the Captain returned to his Company, and related the Affair.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

A short Comment upon honourable Phlebotomy and the fighting Occupation. A very disagreeable Discovery indeed to Mrs. Fillet—The Sequel still more so.

THE Rencontre which occurred in the last Chapter between Mr. *Mac Campbell* and Mr. *Hazard* might be considered as a lucky Turn of Fortune to the latter, who declared he found it as constitutionally necessary to fight a Duel once a Month at least, as it was to give a Fillip to Nature within the same Period by a Debauch. It must certainly be allowed that this is a very honourable Way of having Phlebotomy performed upon a Man, and that indeed Persons of his Disposition and Complexion should lose a little Blood now and then in this Manner,
for

28 THE PARASITE.

for the general Ease and Tranquillity of Society. Perhaps Mr. *Mac Campbell*, though he professed fighting, was not quite so sanguine upon this Head; but by this I do not mean to derogate from his personal Courage. However, he certainly related what had passed with a Kind of satisfactory Emphasis, particularly when he came to that Part which concerned his not being wounded; and indirectly insinuated to the Doctor, that he had taken a very ugly Affair off his Hands, in which perhaps, not being so well skilled in the Sword, he might not have been so successful. *Jack Roveall* swore that though he was a *Scotchman*, he began now to think him a *d——d honest Fellow*. Mr. *Skinflint* highly applauded his generous Behaviour; and illustrated his Approbation with a little Story, that he imagined the Company would think somewhat pertinent; but as *Dick* and the Editor are not intirely of the same Opinion, we shall not trouble the Reader with it. Mr. *Stanza* said this Affair had revived in his Thoughts the Notion he had entertained for some time past of writing an Ode upon
Friendship

THE PARASITE. 29

Friendship and Valour, and that the Captain should be the Hero of the Poem. Even *Dick* was obliged to acknowledge he had behaved very gallantly upon the Occasion; and no one, except Mrs. *Fillet*, failed to pronounce some Eulogium upon the Captain's Conduct. Instead of praising his Gallantry, she was making strict Enquiries concerning *Hazard's* Health—*Whether he was intirely out of Danger? and how long it would be before he could be able to go abroad?*

Though Mrs. *Fillet's* Behaviour could not help attracting the Notice of every one in Company, and particularly the Doctor, he had Prudence enough for the present to conceal his Surprize, in order to discover if there were no other Grounds than mere Compassion for Mrs. *Fillet's* Tenderness towards *Hazard*. His Suspicions became very strongly grounded, when in a Dream that very Night she cried out, "O my dear *Hazard*, it must not be—you shall not die—you must not go without me." Even this Discovery *Dick* still kept a Secret, resolving in his Mind to break off his present Attachment

30 THE PARASITE.

the first favourable Opportunity that offered.

Had not Mrs. *Fillet*'s nocturnal Declaration sufficiently convinced the Doctor of her Infidelity towards him, a Letter which Two Days after fell into his Hands, would have entirely removed the smallest Doubt that could have remained upon this Head. This was a Letter from Mr. *Hazard* to Mrs. *Fillet*, in Answer to one he had received from her; wherein " he desired her to lay aside her Intentions of paying him a Visit in Person, " as, besides the Risque she would run of " being discovered by the Doctor, the Safety " of her own Health should prevent her " taking such a Step, there being a Person " then lying ill of the Small Pox in the same " House, and, considering she had never had " that Disorder, she might probably catch " it."

Mr. *Hazard* was in this Respect an excellent Prognosticator; for scarce a Week elapsed before Mrs. *Fillet* had all the Symptoms of this terrible Disorder upon her. She testified great Surprise at the Event, and *Dick* had
Charity

Charity enough not to abate his upon the Occasion. She had all possible Care taken of her; and though Mrs. *Fillet* was in a very dangerous Way, she soon recovered, and imagined she had no other Mortification to undergo than that which her Looking-Glass inflicted upon her.

The Doctor had never yet declared his Intention concerning his future Conduct to Mrs. *Fillet*; when one Day, whilst she was paying a Visit to Mr. *Hazard*, he had the Apartments stripped of every Thing belonging to him, leaving upon her Dressing-Table a Note, intimating that her Landlady would let her remove all her Cloaths and Goods without Interruption; but that she must look for her future Support to Mr. *Hazard*. The Receipt of this Card failed not to hurry Mrs. *Fillet* into an early Pursuit of the Doctor; she way-laid him, and wrote to him at every Coffee-house and Place she knew he frequented. At length she accosted him in the Park, where she behaved in such a Manner, that he thought it prudent to write to her the following Letter:

“ MADAM,

32 THE PARASITE.

“ MADAM,

“ **A**FTER the many Importunities I
“ have received from you, it is Time I
“ should make an explicit Answer. I acknow-
“ ledge, Madam, all that you aver, with
“ respect to the Fervency of the Declaration
“ of my Passion to Mrs. *Fillet* ; but I cannot
“ imagine that there is now such a Person
“ existing—at least it is so long since I have
“ seen any Thing resembling her, that I very
“ much question her being still living. As
“ to the Pretensions you claim of my Affec-
“ tion and Esteem, I must own, Madam,
“ you greatly surprize me, if you are the
“ Person who accosted me Yesterday in the
“ Park. Thus much is certain, that there is
“ not a Lineament or Feature in her Face
“ analogous to that of the divine Mrs.
“ *Fillet*.

“ But, Madam, supposing it to be possible
“ for my Credulity to imagine the Identity of
“ the Persons, as I can discover in me no such
“ Sentiments or Attachments as animated me
“ towards Mrs. *Fillet*, it were ridiculous to
“ fan

“ fan a Passion, of which the dying Embers
 “ communicate not the least Heat—How irk-
 “ some to us both to force a Flame of artifi-
 “ cial Fire!—To me it would be com-
 “ pletely disagreeable, as all my Efforts to
 “ please would not afford the smallest Grati-
 “ fication ; and of Course offensive to your
 “ self, as you must necessarily be sensible that
 “ every pretended Regard were groundless,
 “ and every Compliment the Effect of the
 “ grossest Flattery.

“ Let me then, Madam, advise you to
 “ transplant your amorous Shrubs into such
 “ a Soil as will afford Fruits and Flowers ;
 “ for in their present Bed no other Blossoms
 “ will appear than those of Thorns and
 “ Briars.

“ I am, Madam,

“ Your enfranchised Slave,

“ RICHARD SWALLOW.”

CHAP. V.

A Rescue from the Fair Sex and Toad-eaters in Favour of our Hero. The salutary Resolution he takes of establishing a medicinal Character. The rapid Progress he makes in Criticism and Virtù. A Voyage to Scotland, and an important Interview.

I THINK we have now fairly cleared our Hero of his unfaithful transmogrified Mistress, and all his Toad-eating Friends—And I also think it is Time for *Dick* to begin to *think* about the Application of the Residue of his Legacy, which we may suppose Fornication and Parasitism had by this Time made no small Hole in.

In Truth *Dick* had for some time considered that he was taking very hasty Strides towards *Fleet-Market*, and that it was but an Abuse

THE PARASITE. 35

Abuse of Titles for him to assume the Name of Doctor, when he actually had no Pretension to it: He also considered, that were he absolutely and *bona fide* a regular Physician, he might find Means to repair the Breach he had been so industriously making in his small Fortune. All these Considerations united, with a few Grains of Pride thrown into the Composition, to render it still more palatable, soon led him to reflect upon the most eligible as well as the most frugal Manner of being admitted a *Doctor in Medicine*, when he might subscribe himself *Richard Swallow, M. D.* without any impertinent Fellow whatever daring to call him to an Account.

The Captain had often hinted to him the OECONOMY and Facility of obtaining the Doctoral Degree *on the other Side of the Tweed*; and his own Observations had convinced him of the great Success of *Scotch Physicians on this Side of the Tweed*, not only in Medicine, but in Poetry, History, the Belles Lettres, and above all, in POLITICS. *Dick* had no small Itch to shine in every

36 THE PARASITE.

Branch of polite and *profitable* Literature : For though in his juvenile Days he had been a Disciple of Mr. *Evans's* Opinion, and with him looked upon the dead Languages as of no more Use to *Physic*, or indeed Mankind, than dead Corfes, which might serve as Assistants in the Anatomy of Learning and Men, but which could no-way communicate a living Genius, or remove an actual Disorder ; now that he had resided in the Capital, and discovered that real Merit was of little or no Value ; but that the Superficies of Science, and the Pedantry of Learning, were sufficient to make a Man appear a great Scholar, he had Discernment enough to avail himself of this Discovery, and revoke his former *Anathema* against the worthy Ancients. In a word, though *Dick* was not looked upon in any classical Light at *Denbigh*, he passed for a very profound Critic at *George's* and the *Bedford*. No Work of Genius in any Species of Writing appeared, without his being consulted upon its Merit ; and no sooner had he pronounced a definitive Sentence, than the *Beaux Esprits* of the Age, who

who take all Judgments upon Credit, and thereby avoid the Drudgery of Reading, re-echoed it in every Coffee-house, and ratified it in every Company.

A new Play was either damned or saved as *Dick* was in the Humour for it ; and a new Actor either met with Applause or Hootings, according to the Situation of Affairs between our Hero and *Cæsar* or *Alexander* : So that Bards and Monarchs equally solicited his Friendship, and sued for his Protection.

Nor was his Judgment confined to Letters only ; his *Virtù* was as extensive as his Reading—He was the Connoisseur of every Auction, and the Antiquarian of every Cabinet to which he had Access—No one attempted to dispute his Opinion upon a *Corregio*, his Judgment in a *Meleager*, or his Taste in an *Otho*.

CHAP. VI.

The DIPLOMATIC CHAPTER.

SO consequential a Character as *Dick* now bore in the Republic of Letters, might have dazzled a Man of far superior Abilities, and made him conceive he was of sufficient Importance, without any additional Title, or the realizing of one he already had by Courtesy. But *Dick* was so resolutely bent upon making some Figure in his proper Department, that the Thought never once escaped him, from the first Time it came into his Head—Being dubbed a Doctor he was resolved upon ; and he accordingly shipped himself at *Wapping*, and consigned himself to Doctor *Mac Intosh* at *****.

We

We shall pass over the Inconveniences resulting from this Voyage, which was taken in the Winter Season, when *Yarmouth* Roads are not the most agreeable Navigation in the known World. Neither the Humours of the Jacks, nor the Oddity of some particular Characters, shall find a Place in this Work, though they might turn out very entertaining to many of our Readers, fond of Common-place Humour, and diverted at second-hand Ribaldry.—No, we shall suppose the Candidate (for we are obliged to degrade our Hero for some short Time, that he may appear with the greater *Eclat* soon after) safely landed at *****, and that he has by this Time had a Conference with Doctor *Mac Intosh*, a near Relation to Captain *Mac Campbell*, who had furnished *Dick* with Letters of Recommendation necessary for the Occasion.

Little Ceremony was used between these Two Sons of *Esculapius* upon their first Interview; and the *Caledonian* Physician soon procured *Dick* the Means of obtaining a very

40 THE PARASITE.

elaborate Diploma, at the reasonable Price of Fourteen Pounds Ten Shillings.

As this Instrument may, doubtless, be thought to have a very just Claim to a Place in this Performance, and may serve as a Model upon future Occasions, when Candidates of such uncommon Abilities as our Hero offer themselves—Reader, take it, and make the most of it: And if thou really art the humane gentle Being which I take thee for, thou wilt pardon with thy wonted Candour, the Debility of thy own vernacular Idiom, ever incapable of doing Justice to the sinewy Original.

DIPLOMA

DIPLOMA

In Favour of

RICHARD SWALLOW, M.D.

1760.

To All and Sundry, of whatever Dignity,
who may see, read, or hear read, the
following Diploma; the University of
*****, in full Senate assembled,
sendeth Health.

WE the Undersigned, having taken Cogni-
zance of the many notable Qualities of
the Bearer hereof, RICHARD SWALLOW,
late of *Wrexham in Denbighshire, North Wales*,
but now of *London, Gent.* think it a Duty
incumbent upon Us to declare to the World
the very favourable Opinion We have con-
ceived of this Most Excellent Person.
Warned

Warned by the Example of our Brethren in foreign Parts, who have, upon the slightest Occasions, graduated Dunces, Asses, and almost Horses, We long ago laid it down to Ourselves as a sacred Rule, not to raise any to the Doctoral Degree, without numerous, and those momentous, Causes Us thereunto specially moving. In the present Case in particular, besides the spontaneous and unconstrained Workings of our own Minds, that ever and anon were propelling Us to promote this Candidate, We had, concurring with our Desire, the repeated and urgent Recommendations of divers worthy and ingenious Physicians. Accordingly We set about Mr. SWALLOW's Probation with all suitable Decorum, and conducted it with that Delicacy which those will never fail to observe who are cautious of their own Honour, and unwilling in any Thing, far less in the most important, to impose upon the Public. We entered with minute Precision into every Part of his multifarious Trials; going first about his Understanding, and about it; and then penetrating into

into the interior Apartments, each with a Torch of Science in his Hand, leaving not a single Cranny or Interstice unexplored. During the Whole of the Scrutiny, the Man discovered such a deep Insight into the Arts, disclosed so many Mysteries of Science, displayed such Strength of Judgment, and dis-embogued such copious Treasures from the Storehouse of his inexhaustible Memory, that We are not ashamed to avow, in the Face of the whole Learned World, that in many Articles of valuable Knowledge he is not at all inferior to Ourselves (considered as Individuals) and in some perhaps he may be deemed Our Superior; so that he is admirably qualified at all Points for being promoted to the Doctorate—*Opiferaque per orbem dici*. Having therefore so many and such inestimable Gifts of his for our Vouchers, We cannot but be justified by the Republic of Letters for the Step We this Day take, in admitting Mr. SWALLOW to the highest academical Honours: And this We do the rather, as We are fully convinced in our own Minds, that this accomplished Genius will
suffer,

44 THE PARASITE.

suffer not the least Diminution in his literary Character by being opposed to Any, even the Best, of that noble Assembly of Worthies that dignify the Pages of Diplomatic History. For,

To give but a Sample or Taste of his many uncommon Talents: Consider him merely in his grammatical and classical Capacity, and We had almost said, You will find his Powers astonishing. How indeed can it be otherwise? He has read every Philologer extant, from old *Varro* and *Festus* all the way down to *Sanctius* and *Popma*, extracting, as he went along, the very Quintessence of their finest Observations. Nor does he shine in *Latinity* alone, strictly so called: He has entered, with becoming Relish, into the more recondite Parts of *Roman* Lore. In the Course of his Probation he threw out, *inter alia*, some striking *Lueurs* on the most obscure Passages of *Persius*, shewing to a Demonstration that that Satyrist would have been still more crabbed than he really is, had it not been that he was, in his younger Years, a Pupil of that excellent Schoolmaster *Cornutus*

nutus (Vide *Euseb. Chronic. et Persium ipsum in Sat. 5.*). Going back with him to *Lucretius*, he answered the sophistical Reasonings of that philosophic Poet with a Force and Beauty of Argumentation, which We have only known equalled by that of the Cardinal *de Polignac*. And when We put old *Ennius* into his Hand, he took Occasion, from the obsolete Words of that venerable Bard, to give Us a History of the *Latin* Language; wherein he traced out [*radio quasi descripsit*] the Changes which that energetic Tongue had underwent, from the Time of its passing through the Hands of the Author just mentioned, till it was completely fashioned under the Auspices of *Augustus*, when the *Roman* Language, as well as Empire, shone out in its greatest Glory. As *Homer*, however, is observed by the Critics to nod sometimes, (*Hor. Ars Poet. v. 359.*) so here we thought to have caught our Candidate napping. His History setting off from *Ennius*, without Mention made of any Thing prior to that Period, looked somewhat suspicious: We fancied therefore he had carried his Researches no farther back, and flattered ourselves

46 THE PARASITE.

selves that now at last we should have actually gravelled him. Dr. *Cameron*, on whom this Part of the Examination principally devolved (for we must give its due Praise to this *Manœuvre* of our Brother) manifested in this nice Conjecture all that Presence of Mind and Alertness which are so very natural to him. He instantly questioned Mr. SWALLOW upon the Axamenta or *Salian* Verses of *Numa*, of which *Cicero* acknowledges himself ignorant, and which *Quintilian* pronounced to be hardly known even to the Priests of his Time : He laboured to pose him upon the Composition of the famous Treaty between *Tarquin the Proud* and the *Sabines*, that was written at *Gabii* on a Bull's Hide : He put twelve different Queries to him touching the Laws of the XII Tables, the

——— *Tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt.*

Hor. Epist. lib. II. ep. i. ver. 23.

And then proceeding to *Duilius's* Rostral Monument in the *Forum*, he demanded, as a Thing of capital Consequence, and indeed as a *sine quâ non*, a full Explication of that precious Remain
of

of Antiquity. Mr. SWALLOW, far from being intimidated by these Interrogatories, the bare Mention of which would have been sufficient to daunt many an able Professor, answered to all and every one of them with Distinctness and Clearness; not discoursing, however, on each separately, and without Connexion, but interweaving his Elucidations into a charming Detail, which he commenced from the first Rudiments of the Language, when as yet it was imperfectly lisped in the Cradle of *Romulus*, and deducing it, in a beautiful Progression, through all its gradual Improvements, till he arrived at length at the Age of the respectable *Calabrian*, from whom he had at first set out: And as this with him is a favourite Poet, in order to place him in a more conspicuous Point of View, besides those Passages of *Maro* which are known even to Smatterers to have been copied or imitated from him, he shewed, upon analytical Principles, with an Accuracy peculiar to himself, when and where the *Mantuan* Swan must have tuned his sublimer Notes, by having in his Eye the great Father of the *Latin* Epopée.

But

48 THE PARASITE.

But to proceed to other Articles, which the Limits We are confined to will only permit Us barely to mention : In Antiques We found Mr. SWALLOW a great Connoisseur. For understanding Medals, Medallions, Brooches, Camaieux, Monochromatons, Gems, Intaglios, and also the hieroglyphical Figures on Sarcophaguses and Sepulchral Lamps, We dare to say that *Montfaucon* and *Maffei* are perfect Jokes to him. Then for Bronzes and Marbles, whether the Materials have been moulded or chisselled into Busts or Statues, Alto or Basso Relievos, but especially for your Paintings *in Fresco*, gazed at with such Enthusiasm by those that dig in the Ruins of *Herculaneum*, even Don *Camillo Paderni* (*cum bonâ face* of that illustrious Seignior be it spoken) is not much more of an Adept than he. By the Blueness of the *Ærugo* on an ancient Coin, he can determine, with a good deal of Certainty, whether it is of the Age of *Nerva* or of *Antoninus Pius*, and can almost fix the Day of those respective Reigns when any Piece in question was struck.

Though

Though nobody ever lived of a more pacific Disposition than Our Candidate *, yet did he think it no-way unbecoming him to bestow a little Attention on the *Roman Art of War*; and We need say no more of his Progress in that Study, than that he has rectified Three pretty palpable Blunders in *Vegetius*, which had escaped the critical Acumen of the correctest Editors. His Models of the *Scorpion*, *Balista*, and *Catapulta*, are admirable in their Kind; nor are his Drawings less curious of the *Civic*, *Mural*, and *Obsidional Crowns*.

* If the *Affaire d'honneur* related in Chap. xvi. Vol. I. be here recollected, the University, we are afraid, will be found to have belied Mr. *Swallow*. But it is no Business of ours to enter into any Disquisition upon that Head, being obliged only to narrate Facts, not to reconcile Things that are in themselves contradictory. Besides, there is nothing so very new and unprecedented in the University's Mode of Assertion, — That the Diction of Diplomas is not always the Language of Truth, has been Matter of long and just Complaint; and, to lay the right Saddle on each Horse's Back, we are not altogether sure, whether certain Seats of Learning nearer home may not have been equally liberal of their Favours, when those Favours have been still less merited than in the Case of the *Wrexham Doctor*.

50 THE PARASITE.

He has constructed a very elegant Representation in Mahogany † of the pompous *Naumachia* exhibited on the *Fucine* Lake by the Emperor *Claudius*, with an Ivory *Triton*, instead of the Silver one mentioned by *Suetonius* (in *Claud.* cap. 21.) rising above the Flood between the adverse Fleets, and sounding the Signal for Onset with his *Buccina*.

The new Royal Academy at *Barcelona* adjudged the Prize last Year to his Rare Comment on the *Carthaginian's* Speech in *Plautus*, beginning thus ;

† The Translator's Compliments to the Reader, and is sorry to trouble him so soon with another Note. Begs Leave, however, to assure him, upon the Faith of the following *Italics*, that *the very elegant Representation in Mahogany was nothing more than a little antiquated Toy made of Scotch Fir (now much cultivated in England) and meanly varnished, which Richard picked up one Day in the Course of his Peregrinations through Harp-Alley, and carried with him to *****, where he presented it, by Way of Douceur, as a proper Play-Thing for one of the Professors Children.* When its immense Value was discovered, it was taken from the Child, and deposited among the Curiosities in the Public Library, where it is still shewn to inquisitive Strangers.

Ythalonim,

THE PARASITE. 51

*Ythalonim, vualonuth si chorathisima comsyth,
Chym lachchunyth munys thalmyëtibari imisci,
&c.*

Plaut. in *Pœnul.* Act v. Scen. 1.

which the King's Gazetteer at *Madrid*, authorized by the Academy's Secretary, pronounced to be more masterly by far than any Thing ever wrote upon that Scene by *Taubmann*, *Dionysius Lambinus*, *John Frederic Gronovius*, or even by the whole Tribe of Interpreters that have wasted so much Oil on that most diverting Playwright.

His Dissertation on ancient Whistling, which is comprehended in the moderate Sum of Ten Quires of Paper, had the same Honour paid it by the Society of the *Arcades* at *Rome*, no longer ago than the Year 1755. In this elaborate Work he had contrived, by one of the happiest *Detours* in the World, to introduce a *Critique* upon the Right and Left-handed *Tibiae*, which could not fail to present themselves to a Person of his contemplative Turn upon an Occasion so extremely congenial. He there ascertained not only the Number and Measure of the *Foramina*, i. e. Holes and Bores

52 THE PARASITE.

of the different Instruments, but assigned at the same Time the efficient Causes why grave Tones were uttered by the one, and sharp or acute ones by the other; the former of which Points he illustrated *chromatically*, and the latter by the *Diatonic* Gamut. Nor was this the Sum Total of what he atchieved: He laid all the lettered Dust [*Pulverulentam istam dissipavit nubem*] which had been raised by *Donatus*, and other old Scholiasts, upon the Subject of the *Tyrian* or *Sarran* Flutes, and that of the *Phrygian*, *Dorian*, and *Lydian* Modes. He even descended, in the Course of this Digression, to Times bordering upon our own; and to leave no Part of the Argument unfinished, adjusted all the Bickerings between Mrs. *Dacier* and her Opponents upon these so violently agitated Topics. In Confirmation of the Truth of his Theory, he actually produced before Us a Cast from a Sardonyx of *Fulvius Ursinus*, whereby he proved to Satisfaction, that *Flaccus* the Freedman of *Claudius*, from the very Configuration of the labial Muscles, must have been much superior to any other Performer at

Rome, and equal at least to some of the best second *Ripienos* in the *Odeum* at *Athens*. We dismiss this Head with remarking, that it deserves Notice, as being more to the Author's Praise than any Thing, that this choice Tractate had an *Imprimatur* stamped upon it by that prime *Æolist* and Countryman of Our Own, *Daniel MacRimmon*, Head of the College of Pipers in the *Isle of Sky*.

Our Candidate, amongst many other Particulars of useful Learning, shewed himself Master of a Science, the Want of which would have been very pardonable in a Man otherwise so well accomplished. He is learned in the Age of MSS. and has employed his leisure Hours, for several Years past, in collating some of the most authoritative Codes; by which he has added immensely to the Furniture of that Division of his Brain which he set apart, long ago, for the Reception of various Readings.

He has expressed all that can be said of the *Eleusinian* Mysteries, together with those of the *Bona Dea*, in Two Octavo Pages and a Half. What enabled him to succeed so

well in this intricate Business, where Antiquity holds up so few Lights, was his being initiated, when as yet a Stripling by DEVA's wizard stream, into the Secrets of the Mysterious Cabala. Even in his State of Childhood [*in ipsis tenellis annis primæque ætatulâ*] he understood Jacob Behmen's Treatise of the Four Complexions, and knew the whole Doctrines of the Rosicrucians. Sylphs and Gnomes were Ideas as familiar to him as Hornbook and Primer to an *English* School-boy.

It should be observed of Mr. SWALLOW, when We talk of him as a Cabalist, that he has got Two Ways of curing the Ague; one by laying the Fourth Book of the Iliad under the Head of the Person shivering, according to the mystic Interpretation of the following Verse,

Mæonidæ Iliados quartum subpone trementi;
the other by writing the Word *Abracadabra* in the conical Figure prescribed by *Serenus Sammonicus* in his *Medicinæ Præcepta*, and binding it so wrote about the Patient's Neck with a Piece of Packthread. *These*, says he,
were

were the Methods practised by all the sounder Ancients for the Cure of the Intermittent Fever; and they are unaccompanied by those horrible Convulsions that almost always result from the Use of that vile Cortex, which the Moderns, and the Jesuits, the most degenerate of all the Moderns, first peeled from the *Quinquina-tree*.

The Gentleman who is the Subject of our immediate Writing can prepare, from very simple Materials, the famous Vinegar where-with *Annibal* is said to have melted his Way over the *Alps* (*Tit. Liv. lib. xxii. cap. 37.*) and he made a present of a Vial of this Liquor to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Macclesfield*, President of the Royal Society, who tried it on a Stone of a very stubborn Texture at *Sherborn-Castle*, on which, in the Space of Ten Minutes, it had just such an Effect as would an Affusion of cold Water in as many Days on a Barrel of raw Sugar.

But We should never have done, were We to enumerate the many shining Qualities of this eminent Scholar. His Botanical, Chemical, Anatomical, and Pharmaceutical Skill, if

56 THE PARASITE.

spread out upon Paper with a scientific *Spatula*, would, according to the Admeasurements taken by our Geometry-Professor, go nigh to fill up Forty Folios. His *Nostrums* in Medicine are not exceeded in Number by all the Diseases incident to the Microcosm. He is amazingly well acquainted with the Morbific and the Predisposing Causes, the Symptoms, the Prognosis, the Diagnosis, and the Crisis; Circumstances which are of sovereign Importance to the *Therapeia*, or *Method of Cure*. Purple or Miliary, and Scarlet Fevers, fly before him, as does also the Inflammatory, the Malignant, and the Bastard Peripneumony. St. *Anthony's* Fire, the *Opprobrium* of Physicians, he quenches in the Twinkling of an Eye. Pleurifies, Palsies, Diarrhœas, Gonorrhœas, Dysenteries, Lienteries, Tetanos, Opisthotonos, and Emprosthotonos, obstinate as they may be against the Attacks of others, are glad to quit their Holds, when he prepares to contend with them. In a word, and to bring Matters to some Sort of Point, he heals

All

All Maladies

Of ghastly Spasm, or racking Torture, Qualms
 Of heart-sick Agony, all Fev'rous Kinds,
 Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
 Intestine Stone and Ulcer, Colic Pangs,
 Demoniac Frenzy, moping Melancholy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,
 Dropsies, and Asthmas, and Joint-racking
 Rheums.

Par. Lost, Book xi. ver. 480.

Admonished by so many and such rare
 Endowments, We judged it injurious to Me-
 rit, if, being vested with such Powers as are
 those that appertain to this University, We
 should permit so distinguished a Genius to
 rank any longer with Undergraduates. Ac-
 cordingly We have this Day made, created,
 constituted, declared, proclaimed, and pro-
 nounced (he having first made Oath to ob-
 serve the Statutes appointed by the Faculty)
 as We Do hereby Make, Create, Constitute,
 Declare, Proclaim, and Pronounce the fore-
 named RICHARD SWALLOW, late of
Wrexham in Denbighshire, North Wales, but
 now

now of *London*, Gent. DOCTOR IN MEDICINE; conferring on him by the present Letters, which carry with them all the Force and Authority of a public Instrument, the Power of practising the *Ars sanandi, curandi, et mendi*, in all its Parts and Branches, here, at *London*, or wherever else it shall like him best; giving, granting, and willing him moreover, to enjoy all and sundry the Privileges, Immunities, Honours, Exemptions, and Indulgences, which now are or heretofore have been enjoyed by the first Laureates of the Medical Profession. And surely if the *Homo catus's* Deserts in *aquâ trutinâ ponantur*, be weighed in a fair and just Balance, this *Atlas* in the Sciences, this *Coryphaeus* in the Arts, this *Æsculapius* in Physic, will be found to have highly merited the Honours. We have now paid him, by matriculating him in the Rolls of that renowned Society.

What now remains for us, but in the Bowels of Friendship, and with all that Sincerity of Affection which subsists amongst
the

the truly Learned, to beseech and obtest all good Men, and all Lovers of good Letters, to cultivate Amity with Dr. SWALLOW, our new Dignitarian, to forward him in his Plans, to second him in his Endeavours, to cherish him in the whole of his Prescriptions, Arrangements, and Operations, for the general Health and Welfare; in short, to tender him their dearest Favour and Countenance, and to treat Dr. RICHARD SWALLOW with all that Esteem, Goodwill, Kindness, and Cordiality, wherewith they themselves would wish to be treated, were they in the personal Case of the said Dr. RICHARD SWALLOW. In Testimony and Corroboration of all which, We have fortified this his Diploma with the Appension of the Great Seal of the University, *et ut magis magisque communiatur*, have subscribed it with our proper Chirographs.

GIVEN at *****, the Day before the Ides of *September*, in the Year of the World,

60 THE PARASITE.

World, according to the best Computations,
 VICIDCCLXIV ; of the *Julian* Period
 VICIDCDXCIV ; but of the *Christian Æra*
 MDCCLX.

A. B. *Med. Doct. et Prof.* Promotor.

C. D. *Gymnasiarcha.*

E. F. *Subprincip.*

G. H. S. T. P.

I. K. *Lingg. Orientt. Prof.*

L. M. J. U. D. et L. C. P.

N. O. H. H. L. L. *Prof. Emeritus.*

P. Q. *Matheseos Prof.*

R. S. }

T. U. } *Philosophiæ PP.*

V. W. }

L.
 Adnexi
 S.

☞ *Note,*

THE PARASITE. 61

☞ *Note*, Dr. *Cameron* did not sign with the Rest, *Ea V. C. modestia*, lest he should be thought to have subscribed to his own Eulogium.

☞ *Note* also, That "Αλφ α σχεσί οφ Παρχμενί ουας added το δε αβουε, ας Κωδικιλλς αρε ανεξεδ το Ουιλλς, κολαινισγ αν ακκουνί οφ δε Κανδιδάλε'ς γρεαί ακκουαινίλαγκε ουιθ "Ηροδοτ@, Πολυβι@, Αππιαν@, Αριστοτελης, Πλάτων, "Ιπποκρατης, Γαλην@, Πολυαιν@, Αιλιαν@, &c. &c. &c. ανδ ουας στυβσκριβεδ scorsim (ας il ουας ουρδls) βυ δε Γρεεκ Προφεσσor; Δους,

X. Y. G. L. P.

But this and many other Particulars we have been obliged to suppress, lest our History should be thought to swell in this Part beyond its due Dimensions. If ever a Second Edition of *The PARASITE* is called for, and this Diplomatic Chapter is found agreeable to the Learned Reader, he may depend on being treated with the Original Text, in all its Amplitude, and an improved Version on the opposite Pages. The Whole to be illustrated with Notes and Comments, and ornamented with a Row of Professors Heads, etched in Wood.

N B. There will be added, as a farther Embellishment, a Kit-cat of the Principal, and a full Length of the Right Hon. the Chancellor, scraped in Mezzotinto.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

*An Account Current of the Practice of Physic
for One Year, together with the net Pro-
ceeds of Money and Acquaintance.*

IF all our Readers have as elevated an Opinion of our Hero's Learning, Talents, and Abilities as the University of *****, we should think he would require no other Recommendation to be the *Radcliff*, the *Mead*, the *Fothergill* of this Metropolis; that he might kill and cure Patients enough in one Year to set him above Practice the Remainder of his Days. The Fact is, *Dick* was as much surprized as the Reader can possibly be to think that this learned and impartial University had discovered in him such amazing Talents, and such a prodigious Fund of Learning, as he himself was (to own the Truth)

Truth) utterly unacquainted with. He began to think, and not without Reason, that he had been much too diffident of his own Powers, which were so conspicuous in the Eyes of so many learned *Caledonians*, even unpossessed of the Art of Second-sight. He read his Diploma over at least fifty times on his Way back to the Metropolis, and he every time discovered fresh Veins of Erudition which had before escaped his most earnest Attention. “What a surprizing Genius I am! (said *Dick*, just as he came into the River) why, I might have remained ignorant of at least Half my own Talents, had I not made this Voyage into *Scotland*—They would have continued like the Statue in the Block, unfraught with the Sculptor’s Hand.”

Our Hero’s *Dignity* being in every Sense established, there was nothing now left for him to acquire, but a Number of Patients proportionate to his Skill. The Appellation of *Walking Doctor* he was but too sensible was not only contemptible, but opprobrious;

64 THE PARASITE.

brious; and he, with some Reason, attributed the Smallness of his Practice to the diminutive Size of his Perriwig. He was therefore resolved to surmount these Two manifest Obstacles to his medical Success, by *hiring* a genteel Chariot, and *buying* a voluminous Perriwig with Three *scientific* Tails.

What Impediment could there now be to his transferring half the Drugs in *London* into the Bellies of half the Patients of the Metropolis? None, certainly, the Reader will doubtless believe.——What says the Doctor?

Dr,

THE PARASITE. 65

Dr.

Per Contra Cr.

Account Current of Necessary Expences attending my Practice in the Course of the Year 1761.

FEBRUARY 18.

To Mrs. Martha Jelly By Chariot, and all
1 l. 1 s. necessary Contin-
N. B. Found her dead gencies 120 l.
upon my 2d Visit.

SEPTEMBER 16.

To Mr. John Musty for By Six handsome
my first Attendance. Three-tail Perri-
1 l. 1 s. wigs, at 5 l. 5 s.
N. B. It was agreed each. 31 l. 10 s.
upon in a future By Puffs and other
Consultation that I very useful Hints,
had intirely mis- thrown out in the
taken his Disorder. public Papers, con-
cerning the great
Success and sur-
prizing Extent of
my Practice, 15 l.
10 s. 6 d.

VOL. II.

F

To

66 THE PARASITE.

Dr.	Per Contra Cr.
To the Sale of Nine Pamphlets, Book-seller's Price, 6 s. 9 d.	By Expence of printing and publishing a Pamphlet, setting forth the Virtues of <i>Puppy-Dog Water</i> , and other equally useful Remedies, 20 l. 16 s.
£. 2 8 9	£. 187 16 6
	£. 2 8 9
Balance lost by my Practice this Year	£. 185 7 9

If the Doctor's Chariot and Tye-wig had not yet produced any lucrative Effects, they had at least conducted him into such Company as an itinerant Physician could never have made Acquaintance with. He had for some time been introduced to Governor *Dibble's* Table, which was constantly attended by a regular Set of Toad-eaters, who to a Man

Man admired the Governor's Taste in Literature as well as Eating ; they were frequently altogether astonished at his deep Penetration and surprizing Judgment, and would one and all give an unanimous Approbation, by the general Pronunciation of, *Astonishing indeed !* Though this same universal Eulogium might carry with it, to People of Discernment, the Air of the *Parasitical Watch-word*, the Governor was so thoroughly convinced of the Extent of his own Abilities, and the Justice of the Applause which he claimed from every one, that these short though regular *Panegyrics* never gave him the least Disgust, or, indeed, Confusion.

His principal and most constant Guests consisted of an old Ensign, who was literally worn out in the Service, having for five-and-forty Years served his Country, without having yet risen a Step higher than the first Rank he set out with ; yet he could enumerate 20 Sieges, 30 pitched Battles, besides Skirmishes without Number, in which he always carried the *English* Colours, without having once left them behind him, and in

which he had generally been on the Side of the Victors. The Governor hung with Wonder and Astonishment upon his Campaigns, Sieges, Attacks, and forced Marches—His Plans of Operation were amazing, and their Success was equal to their Excellence—His Manoeuvres, his Feints, his Intelligence, were almost all to be ranked amongst the incredible, and would doubtless have conferred infinite Honour upon him, had he been a General instead of an Ensign.

The next who took Rank according to his Seniority was Justice *Drybones*. He was neither more nor less than a decayed Lawyer, who, notwithstanding all his Finesse in an *honest* Practice, for want of a sufficient Number of good Clients, found himself under the Necessity of taking Refuge in the Verge of the Court, lest his own Practice should have been turned against himself. Whilst he continued in this Situation, without either a Suit of Law or a Suit of Cloaths, a Nobleman, to whom he had done a particular Service of a private Nature with respect to a Lady, found Means to get him into the Commission, though his Qualification

was

was but very small indeed. However, with the Assistance of the Governor's Table, a hebdomadal Fee from one of the News-Papers for justiciary Articles, and his *Trade*, he found Means to keep Life and Soul together, and run a little more into Debt.

The third upon the List was Mr. *Stately*, a reformed Player; that is, he had, in his younger Days, acted with indifferent Success for some Years, when, having a small Annuity bequeathed him by a Relation, as he could no longer rank with the rising theatrical Geniusses of the Age, he resolved not to continue in a subordinate Walk, and in a Fit of Jealousy and Spleen turned—*Gentleman*. His Attention was, however, still taken up with the Theatres, and the private Histories of the Green Room, which frequently afforded him Opportunities of bringing into Play his Drama-historical Reading, which, together with the theatrical Anecdotes of the Day furnished him with Conversation enough to make him a very agreeable Guest, and his Host to look upon him as a very desirable Companion.

Mr. *Manly* was a decayed Merchant, who from a State of great Affluence, carrying on at one time a very extensive Trade to all Parts of the World, had, by a considerable Failure, been obliged himself to break ; when his Circumstances being much reduced, he went over to *America*, in Hopes of bettering his Fortune. It was here he made an Acquaintance with Governor *Dibble*, who took a Fancy to him from his first Appearance, by reason of the Profundity of his commercial Erudition, which the Governor availed himself of whilst he was abroad, and thought it behoved him now to make him all the Returns in his Power whilst he was at home.

These Four constant Guests, with Doctor *Swallow*, and a small flying Squadron, who occasionally took up their Quarters here, formed the Governor's general Companions.

C H A P. VII.

The CHAPTER OF POLITICS, or a Clue to the Interests, Intrigues, and Machinations of all the Princes in Europe; together with an Explanation of the Constitution of England, as it is at present affected: Being the Ne plus ultra of ——— nothing.

FROM such elegant, entertaining, and useful Company, our Hero failed not to derive many Advantages. In the first place, He looked upon himself as initiated into that honourable and numerous Society of *Gentlemen-Toad-eaters*, and was thereby intitled to a parasitical Plate at every genteel Table in Town that admitted of learned Men and *Bons-Vivans*. Secondly, He acquainted himself with all the *Minutiae* of the military Art, and was capable of filling every Post in the

F 4

Army,

Army, from a Common Soldier up to a General, besides being well versed in all the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene's* Sieges and Battles, and every Stratagem used by these Two great Generals to produce—the ever-glorious *Peace of Utrecht*. Thirdly, He got a deep Insight into Common Law, and knew how far a Man might trespass with Impunity, or how far the Equity of a Trading-Justice might be corrupted. Fourthly, His early Acquaintance with the Stage received great Improvements, from many curious and secret Anecdotes which he had never before met with. Fifthly, His Knowledge of Trade, Commerce, and Navigation, was greatly extended, and he knew to a Fraction when the Balance was for or against us in every Port of *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*. But above all, sixthly, His Judgment in Politics was most particularly improved; for Governor *Dibble* was a professed Politician, and consequently this was the principal Topic of Discourse at his Table. The Governor calculated to an Hour when a subsidiary or defensive and offensive Treaty was

was to be signed between any of the contracting Parties. He knew how long the Court of *Vienna* would oppose the Views of *Great Britain*, or when *Prussia* was to change Sides, to trim the Scale in the Balance of *Europe*. He was perfectly acquainted with the Secrets of the *Ottoman* Porte; knew when the Grand Signior was to make a Motion upon the Frontiers of *Hungary*, and when the Czarina was to demonstrate her pacific Intentions to all *Europe*, by the Entrance of 50,000 Men into *Livonia*. As to the Intrigues of the Courts of *Versailles* and *Madrid*, he seemed acquainted with their original Springs and Sources, with all their various Interests direct and indirect, together with their intricate Chain of concatenating Effects; and was so deeply instructed in all the Deliberations of the Cabinet Councils of the petty Princes of *Italy*, that it would seem as if he kept each of their Prime Ministers in constant Pay. Such was his extensive Knowledge of the various Interests of the Princes of *Europe*.—But when he came to our Domestic Concerns, he displayed a still deeper

deeper Insight into the Nature of our Constitution, our Plan of Government, the Court and ——— Intrigues. He always anticipated a Change in the Ministry, at least a Fortnight before it took Place—He could give the Substance of the King's Speech Three Days before he made it—He knew to a Penny the Sums that would be granted for the Supplies of the current Year, and to an Unite the Number of Men that would be employed at home and abroad; what public Bills would be brought in and passed; and which thrown out; when the Majority would carry it, and when the Minority would give it up; and what is still more extraordinary and paradoxical, when the Minority would become the Majority, and the Majority the Minority.

These were a few amongst the many eminent Proofs which Governor *Dibble* gave of his political Knowledge.—No wonder then that he was heard with Attention by his worthy Guests, who hung upon his Accents, and seemed to devour his Words—(till Dinner came)—No wonder that every one of his

his Friends were obliged sometimes to launch out of their natural Element, and embark on board a political Vessel bound to the Island of *Utopia*. It was this absolute Necessity that first induced our Hero to commence Politician; for to support the Conversation with the Governor, it was expedient he should be very deeply read in all the political Pamphlets which the Press groaned under, as well as the diurnal Essays pro and con that appeared in the public Papers. *Dick* applied to this useful Study, and shortly made so great a Proficiency therein, that the Governor himself pronounced that our Hero was capable of filling the Post of Secretary of State as well as any Member of the *Coterie*, however much at Variance with Ministers, Places, and Pensions.

It was at this brilliant Period of Politics that our Hero shone forth in all his Lustre at the *Smyrna*, at the *Cocoa-tree*, and at *Slaughter's*. Many and learned were the Disputes he maintained to prove that a *Scotch* Minister could never act right; that the Word **ŒCONOMY** should be erased from every Dictionary

Dictionary extant, as of baneful and *Ultra-Tweedish* Influence; and that Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, though a pensioned Writer, should, for the Honour of Literature, give the Lead in the next Edition of his Folio Dictionary. In a very deep Dispute he one Day maintained at the last of these Coffee-houses, with a Gentleman of the Long-Robe, in Defence of Triennial Parliaments, and in Opposition to Continental Connexions, the Plurality of Votes were against him, and a Detachment of *Hanoverian* Light Cavalry would certainly have set all his Corps to Flight, if he had not called to his Assistance an auxiliary Squadron of ancient *Greeks*, under the Command of Lieutenant-General *Hesiod*; when he soon recovered his Ground, and obtained a complete Victory over the Enemy.

Our Hero had frequent Conflicts of this Sort with many Veteran Politicians, who veered their Opinions with their Patrons Sentiments and their own Interest: And it was pleasant to hear *Dick*, who professed himself of no Party but that of *Common Sense*, by Turns confute them with the same Arguments

THE PARASITE. 77

Arguments they had formerly used in Opposition to their present political Creed.

What an amazing Science is *Politics*!—It not only changes the very Nature and Essence of Things—proves Right to be Wrong, and Wrong to be Right—determines what is Patriotism To-day to be Treason To-morrow—Not only this, I say, but changes even its own Form, Shape, Complexion, Sentiments, Doctrines, and Nature of Existence!—When shall I be able to explore the intricate Mazes that surround thee, and discover WHERE *thou really art*?—Determine thy various Properties, and say WHAT *thou really art*?—Ascertain thy different and numerous Virtues, and tell WHAT *thou mayest become*?—Pronounce upon thy multifarious Powers, and aver WHAT *thou art capable of performing*?—Till then I leave thee, thou *great and inexplicable Mystery*, to Statesmen and Patriots, Ministers and Projectors, Placemen and Candidates. Let these, thy assiduous Admirers, enjoy the pleasing Delirium thou affordest

affordest—Let them, as from a lovely but fickle Mistress, vaunt thy Favours, and publish thy Gratifications—And if they prove not, like other transitory Joys, fleeting and imaginary Transports, but lasting and substantial Blessings, they will gain more by thy Embraces than many, many Millions of thy constant Votaries !

C H A P.

CHAP. IX.

*The present State of the Family and other
Correspondence between London and Wrex-
ham, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.*

DICK having already practised One whole Year in the Character of a regular Physician, with all the necessary and *infallible* Insignia and Regalia of Medicine—settled his Accounts, and struck a very fair Balance against himself and his Practice—gained the Acquaintance and good Opinion of Governor *Dibble*—regulated the present and future State of *Europe*, as planned in every Court Cabinet of *Christendom*, together with the Secrets of the *Ottoman* Porte, and taken Leave (at least for the present) of Politics—let us enquire how far parental Ties, amorous (almost *Gordian*) Knots, and other
consan-

confanguinary Links, at this Juncture extended between the Meridian of *London* and the Town of *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire, North Wales*.

It is a long Time since we have mentioned either the Reverend Mr. *Swallow*, the pharmaceutical Mr. *Evans*, or the maternal Mrs. *Kate*. But though we have passed them over in so much Silence, as if they had not been in *Esse* ever since the Beginning of Vol. I. we must now remind the Reader, that they were all alive, and, what is more, in good Health, as well as Master *Swallow*, alias Master *Evans*.

The Reverend Mr. *Swallow* had from time to time made very earnest Enquiry after his Son *Dick*. He had written many a Letter to his Correspondent, who had so speedily and so effectually recommended him to Mr. *Fillet*. But the Accounts he received from him were very dissatisfactory; the *Tantamount* of all the Intelligence he could gain from that Quarter was, *That our Hero was a sad Scoundrel—had done him great Dishonour in the Recommendation—had ruined the*
Peace

Peace of a Family, and debauched his Master's Wife. This was Information enough from that Part; and he never applied for further Intelligence, to that Correspondent, on the Score of his Son. The Inquiries he made through other Channels produced various and very different Accounts of *Dick*: At one time he received Advice that his Son had been taken up for a Highwayman, had been tried at the *Old Bailey* and condemned, and was to be executed the next Hanging-day. Such Intelligence never failed to force the sympathetic Sigh, or extract the parental Tear. At other times he heard that his Son had made his Fortune, rode in his Chariot, and was above the World.—*Above the World, indeed, he would say—I could forgive any thing but Ingratitude—I never could have suspected that Dick would have been guilty of this Vice, which is a hundred times more unpardonable than all the deadly Sins put together.*

Mr. *Evans*, who had always considered *Dick* as a very untoward Genius, and had not yet nearly forgiven him for the manifest Injury he had done his Character, by the Im-

putation of *Kate's* Fruitfulness, never heard of the fair Chance *Dick* stood of meeting with an untimely Fate, but he very dogmatically pronounced, "He knew the Rascal would be hanged."—But when he was compelled to listen to his good Fortune, he as constantly remarked, "That he might thank him for the useful Instructions he had received, and the great Ground-work of Physic upon which *Dick* had ingrafted his medicinal Knowledge, and which was certainly laid behind his Counter."

As to *Kate*, she still retained a Kind of distant Affection for *Dick*; yet it was rumoured she had well improved the Knowledge our Hero had instilled into her, though she had never been able to give such demonstrable Proofs of the Excellence of her Parts, or the Force of her Abilities, as she had done under his Tuition. When it was reported that *Dick* had made his Fortune, that he kept his Coach and Noblemen's Company, *Kate's* Heart began to flutter, and she imagined she had been much to blame to remain so long in the poultry Town of *Wrexham*,
when,

THE PARASITE. 63

when, had she taken the same heroic Step as *Dick*, and repaired to *London* (which she now was thoroughly convinced was, as she had often heard, paved with Gold) she doubtless would have been as great an Ornament to her Family as *Dick* was to his; and she therefore resolved to make such an Excursion, without acquainting any one with it, the first favourable Opportunity that offered.

It is not surprizing that *Kate* should be animated to such a Resolution, as she had never heard any thing but on the favourable Side of *Dick's* Fortune, the disagreeable Rumours concerning him having been kept a profound Secret in the Family; and as his Elevation was ere now confirmed by a Letter from himself, which he had wrote to his Father, and which wiped away all the foul Stains of Ingratitude, wherewith he had, not without some Reason, been sullied.

In this Letter *Dick* took particular Care to pass over in Silence the many Vicissitudes of Fortune which had more than once brought him to the Threshold of a Jail: Neither

84 THE PARASITE.

did he enter into any Disquisition of his Conduct towards Mr. or Mrs. *Fillet*—— mention the Acquaintance he afterwards made, through Mrs. *W*——, with Lady *D*——, nor the Means whereby he had acquired his small (*very small, indeed, by this time*) Fortune. But to make Amends for this, he sent a Transcript of his Diploma at large, with a Translation for the Perusal of his Uncle, and subjoined a List of all his noble and genteel Acquaintance.

It was this Letter, which was read over privately and publicly (I do not know whether the Reverend Mr. *Swallow* did not deliver it from the Pulpit) that re-echoed our Hero's Fame far and near. Every one complimented Mr. *Swallow* upon his Son's Merit and good Fortune, and Mr. *Evans* for having instilled those Principles of physical Knowledge, which now did so much Honour to him and his Pupil; nor did *Kate* plume herself a little upon her Connexion—She gave Hints that she should be a Gentlewoman soon, and, by her indiscreet Conduct, was preparing a very disagreeable Introduction to
that

that Rank, as she had dropped enough to make her be suspected of Perjury, and procure for her an Initiation to Gentility, by a public Exhibition in the Pillory.

Such was the Situation of Affairs at *Wrexham*, and such the Opinion of our Hero's Town's Folks upon his amazing good Fortune, whilst he was in *London*, cursing his perverse Stars, and deploring his adverse Fate. In Despite of all his Endeavours to obtain Practice, in Despite of all his Efforts to gain a Subsistence, without devouring the Remainder of his small Pittance, he found himself every Day approaching nearer to the last Guinea of the Legacy which Lady *D*— had bequeathed him; and it was this disagreeable Perspective that made him divert his Attention from Physic to Projects—The Doctor sunk into the Schemist—Nay, he did not only sink himself, but he sunk his small Fortune. But as this is a Matter that requires some Elucidation, we think it worthy of prefacing a new Chapter to the Reader's Attention.

THE PARASITE.

CHAP. X.

A Legal Introduction to an Oratorical Chapter upon Fish; being the Substance of a Speech Dr. Swallow made in the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, upon that Subject.

“ **K** NOW all Men (then) by these Pre-
“ sents (I do not absolutely mean whe-
“ ther they will or not) that Richard Swal-
“ low, M. D. of the Parish of St. James,
“ Westminster, in the County of Middlesex;
“ to wit *; having, on the 21st Day of
“ January, in the Year of our Lord One thou-
“ sand Seven hundred and Sixty-two, and in

* An over-learned Critic may perhaps ask, whether there is any Sense or Meaning in this Period, set aside Wit.

“ the Second Year of the Reign of our Sove-
 “ reign Lord George the Third, of Great
 “ Britain, France, and Ireland, and so forth,
 “ been advised and counselled, by several
 “ venerable and learned Members of the So-
 “ ciety of Arts, Manufactures, and Com-
 “ merce, to propose himself a Candidate for a
 “ Membership in the said Society ; at the same
 “ time setting forth to him the many and va-
 “ rious Advantages that he would therefrom
 “ derive, he consented to let himself be pro-
 “ posed accordingly : And having been bal-
 “ lotted in due Form, agreeable to the Laws
 “ and Rules of the said Society, he was elected
 “ a Member of the before-mentioned Society,
 “ and so forth.”

Perhaps the Reader may be curious to
 know the Cause of my beginning this Chapter
 in so quaint a Manner——That he may be
 satisfied, I answer to this, it must be allowed
 to be done in some Form ; and though the
 Reader may be ignorant of it, I am not, that
 the Society in question is a very numerous,
 learned, and respectable Body ; and I am not

certain how far I or my Publisher might have been safe to have said any thing about them, if I had not done it in a *legal Manner*. Libels are Libels, true or false; and I will not be positive whether *Doctor Richard Swallow* may not have a very good Action against the first PERSON who stigmatizes him with the Appellation of a *Parasite*.

Doctor Richard Swallow had scarce been introduced into the Society before he heard many elaborate and learned Discourses upon very profound and interesting Subjects. Having been early admitted one of the Chemical Committee, he had seen, by the most simple, and yet surprising Process, the most nauseous Train Oil instantly transformed into the purest Sallad Oil, and which all Members constantly used, with the highest Gusto, whenever they gave a loose to their Luxury upon the Score of Endif and Salary. He had seen the largest and most stubborn Trees torn up by the Roots, with amazing Facility, by a Hand-Machine as portable as a Snuff-box—These, and a Number of useful Experiments, he had been an
 Eye-

Eye-witness to, and stood amazed at the surprizing Penetration of the Society, and the still more surprizing Ingenuity and Disinterestedness of its Members, who thus disclosed such useful and valuable Discoveries, for such trifling (merely honorary) Rewards that the Society bestowed.

Our Hero the Doctor had not, however, yet been sufficiently animated to discourse upon any Subject that occurred—Whether it was through a certain Bashfulness and Modesty that seem epidemical in this Society, and which few Members can surmount, or whether the Doctor, whose Patriotism was the just Index of his Soul, did not think any Subject sufficiently interesting wherein the real and immediate Good of his Country was not concerned, thus much is certain, he was able to resist all the Importunities of Fame and Reputation, which he would at any time have highly enhanced, by delivering upon any Occasion his Sentiments, till the patriotic Fish Scheme came upon the Carpet. He could then no longer with-hold, but, as if
by

90 THE PARASITE.

by a supernatural Impulse, he uttered a Speech, the Purport whercof was nearly as follows :

“MR. PRESIDENT,

“IT is with the greatest Deference to the
“ Sentiments of the Gentleman who
“ spoke last that I now rise up to speak to
“ the Subject before us. .

“ I shall endeavour to elucidate these Points
“ wherewith I am particularly acquainted ;
“ and shall attempt to throw out some Hints
“ concerning those whereof I may *indeed* be
“ ignorant.

“ It must assuredly, Mr. President, appear to
“ every Gentleman who is actuated with a
“ laudable Zeal for the public Good, that every
“ Branch of Monopoly should be banished from
“ this Land of Liberty ; for it is in vain to boast
“ of our Privileges, of our Constitution ei-
“ ther in Church or State, as long as such a
“ Hydra-headed Monster rears its Crest in
“ open Defiance of our Laws, and our well-
“ regulated Police : And there can be no
“ Species of Monopoly so dangerous, or so
“ sensibly

“ sensibly felt by every Rank of People, but
 “ more especially by the Artist and the La-
 “ bourer, as that which immediately affects
 “ the Necessaries of Life.—It were need-
 “ less for a Man to live in the happiest
 “ Climate under Heaven, without even
 “ the Shadow of Restraint, if, with all his
 “ Liberty and Felicity, by the Licentious-
 “ ness of his Fellow-Citizens, or the Re-
 “ missness of the Laws, he were unable to
 “ procure, with all his Industry, Food and
 “ Raiment for himself and Family. I believe,
 “ Mr. President, that no Gentleman will at-
 “ tempt to contradict me, when I say, that
 “ no Artizan or Labourer who cannot, with
 “ all his Industry, procure the Necessaries of
 “ Life, can be called easy in his Circum-
 “ stances—Nay, I believe no Gentleman of
 “ this Society, ever so desirous of starting Ab-
 “ surdities, will pretend to aver that *Felicity*
 “ and *Famine* were ever connected in the
 “ same Idea, however complex he may chuse
 “ to render it. Yet, Mr. President, it is no-
 “ torious to every Man who chuses to give
 “ himself the Trouble of Thinking (and I
 “ doubt

“doubt not but the Majority of the Mem-
 “bers of this honourable Society frequently
 “sacrifice some of their leisure Hours to Me-
 “ditation) that the Necessaries of every Kind
 “are so exorbitantly enhanced in their Price,
 “as to bear no Proportion with the Wages
 “of the Artizan and Labourer, many of
 “whom are no better paid now than they
 “were Fifty Years ago, when Provisions
 “were at least Fifty *per Cent.* cheaper than
 “they are at present. There may be various
 “Causes assigned for the Increase of the
 “Price of Provisions, such as new Taxes,
 “which raise the Rent of Lands, bad Crops,
 “and Disorders amongst the Cattle. The
 “first Cause must, doubtless, be allowed;
 “but as to the two latter, they have had no
 “Share in the Exorbitancy complained of.
 “Our Crops have been remarkably good for
 “some Years, and we have had no Disorder
 “amongst our horned Cattle since the
 “Year 1748 : So that we may trace the real
 “Source of this Evil to the all-grasping Hand
 “of Avarice, which stretches itself out from
 “Monopolizers and Foresters of every
 “Kind :

" Kind : For if the Subject was not loaded
 " with any more Taxes than the State really
 " imposes and receives, he might be very well
 " able to bear them ; but when the State le-
 " vies a Halfpenny, the Goers-between exact
 " Two Pence. It is only necessary to recur
 " to two recent Taxes, to be convinced of
 " this—the *Porter* and the *Coffee* Acts. But
 " pray, Mr. President, what have the additional
 " Taxes to do with Fish ? This Commodity
 " at least is free from Impost ; and yet it has
 " been the Object of more continued Extor-
 " tion than all the other Commodities lumped
 " together. It is nothing extraordinary to
 " see a Fishmonger, in a few Years, amass a
 " Fortune of Twenty or Thirty thousand
 " Pounds, when perhaps he had not a Hun-
 " dred Pounds at first setting out. Why,
 " Mr. President, I have been informed, from
 " very good Authority, that some of the ca-
 " pital Fishmongers make 500 *per Cent.* upon
 " every Article they deal in. We have long
 " and very justly complained of the extor-
 " tionary Interest the Pawnbrokers exact
 " from the needy and necessitous : But what
 " is

" is 30 or even 50 *per Cent.* compared to
 " 500? Besides, they run many more Risques,
 " and are kept many more Months out of
 " their Money. I do not mean by what I
 " have said any-way to exculpate the usurious
 " Conduct of those public Leeches the Pawn-
 " brokers. I only mean to compare the ex-
 " travagant Gains of a Set of People who are
 " looked upon to be the most griping of
 " any in Trade, with the virtuous, honest
 " Fishmongers. It is true these worthy men
 " aver, that they do not grind the Face of the
 " Poor; that there is no Necessity for any but
 " the Rich to feed upon Delicacies—In this
 " I believe they are right; for there is scarce
 " a working Man in a Hundred who has set
 " down to a Dish of Fish, without it were
 " Sprats, for these Twenty Years. But
 " surely, Mr. President, they would not pre-
 " tend to exclude every Man who has not a
 " Thousand a Year from tasting a Bit of good
 " Fish; and yet this is the plain *English* of
 " all this false Logic. Fish, Mr. President,
 " seems by Nature to be the destined Food
 " of *Englishmen*. Every Islander seems in-
 " vested

THE PARASITE. 95

" vested by his Nativity with an *undoubted*
 " *Right* to regale upon the scaly World, *who*
 " *are as numerous as they are unconfined,*
 " *unable to call any one their Lord or Ma-*
 " *ster.* Yet these conscientious Gentlemen
 " would preclude us of our Birthright *—
 " A Birthright that is the more dear to us as
 " it is the most salutary to our Healths, and
 " the most suited to our Constitutions—
 " The *Hollanders* look upon the Herring Sea-
 " son as the Scourge of Physicians ; for they
 " never have any Occasion for them as long
 " as it continues. All Naturalists agree that
 " Fish is the most prolific Food we can eat ;
 " So that every Man should be considered
 " as a Traitor to his Country who would pre-
 " vent the Increase of its Subjects ; and how
 " far the Fishmongers have been instrumental
 " in the Decrease of them, I leave to their own
 " Breasts, as there is no Law extant that takes
 " Notice of this Kind of Homicide.

* Whether the Doctor did not contradict himself a little here, we leave the Reader to determine.

" I think, Mr. President, it appears very
 " evident, from what I have said, that there
 " cannot be a more extensive or beneficial
 " Plan to this Country than the present Scheme
 " of reducing the exorbitant Price of Fish ;
 " and therefore, Sir, I am of Opinion, that the
 " worthy Gentleman who has taken so much
 " Pains to bring this great and salutary
 " Scheme to bear, deserves the warmest
 " Thanks and unlimited Assistance of this ho-
 " nourable Society."

So elaborate and well-digested a Speech
 failed not to meet with the Applause it de-
 served ; and *Dick* has looked upon himself
 therefrom as greatly instrumental in the Suc-
 cess of the Land Carriage Fish Scheme.

C H A P. XI.

The Extent and Success of Dick's surprizing Scheme. The unfortunate Accident which happens to Mynheer Vanderbrocken, which nips our Hero's Glory in the Bud.

SUCCESS is sometimes as fatal as ill Fortune.—Had not the Fifth Plan (wherein *Dick* thought he had a considerable Share) succeeded so marvellously well, perhaps *Dick* would have been discouraged from the Thoughts of turning Projector himself. But finding that such lucky Hits not only made a Man looked upon with much Importance, but also might be the Means of procuring an ample Fortune, *Dick's* Thoughts were, from the first Hour that Soals were vended for Nine Pence a Pound in *London*, resolved to attempt some Scheme equally advantageous.

The Society had for some time promised a Bounty to any one who should produce a certain Quantity of Saltpetre made in *England*. The great Extent of *Dick's* physical Knowledge, for which he had very good Vouchers from *Scotland*, readily induced him to believe that so valuable a Secret was certainly left for some such great Genius as himself to discover.

He had, much about this Time, made Acquaintance with a *German*, who, after having travelled thro' most of the capital Cities of *Europe*, and made the Fortunes of a Hundred Adventurers, was in this Metropolis actually without a Pair of Breeches to cover his Nakedness. He nevertheless had Parts, which were very discernable to *Dick*: He spoke *Latin* fluently, had a pretty Command of Words upon Chemistry, and even Alchemy, and proved to a Demonstration (at least in *Dick's* Opinion) that there was nothing wanting for him and another to get an Hundred thousand Pounds, in a very short Period, but the *Risque* of a small Capital of Four or Five hundred. Besides his being Proprietor of a *Variety of Nostrums*,

Nostrums, none of which were inferior to the *Universal Panacea*, he was the Inventor of the *Sympathetic Powder*, whereby any Wound might be cured at an Hundred Leagues Distance from the Patient, by having obtained a little Lint dipped into the Wound. But what particularly struck *Dick*, and made him consider it as a miraculous Event that he had made so valuable an Acquaintance (though in Rags) in this critical Juncture, was his being possessed of the Secret of making *Saltpetre vegetate like young Sprouts*. Here was a notable Discovery!—No wonder that the Doctor immediately sent for his Taylor, and had Mynheer *Vanderbrocken* equipped from Head to Foot—No wonder that he immediately advanced an Hundred Pounds for the purchasing of Pots, Earth, Dung, and all the necessary Ingredients to make *Saltpetre vegetate like young Sprouts*.

Dick now considered his Fortune as already made, and he looked upon Mynheer *Vanderbrocken* as his Guardian Angel. In this Opinion had Mynheer asked the Doctor for every Shilling he was worth in the World, he

might have commanded it; so thoroughly was he convinced of this great Man's Probity and Abilities. However, the *German* had Modesty enough to drain our Hero of no more than One hundred Guineas additional, whilst the Completion of *Dick's* Expectations approached every Day the nearer. *February*, *March*, and even *April* elapsed, without the Saltpetre beginning to shoot. *Dick* could not refrain from testifying some Impatience; but he was pretty well satisfied, when Mynheer remonstrated that it was a very backward Spring. This satisfied the Doctor till about the Middle of *May*; when no *Saltpetre Sprouts* still appearing, he could no longer refrain from hinting there must have been some Mistake committed, as Coleworts, Cabbages, and Brocoli were now in great Plenty.

Mynheer *Vanderbrocken* told the Doctor
 " he was sorry to find him of such an impatient Disposition; that *Saltpetre* did not
 " grow precisely like other *Herbs*; that some
 " Seasons there was but a very slender Crop,
 " or perhaps no Crop at all; but then the
 " next

“ next was sure to be a very plentiful one.
 “ However (continued Mynheer) that you
 “ may be satisfied I do not impose upon you,
 “ if you have a mind to be convinced of my
 “ great Skill upon the Score of *Saltpetre*, I will
 “ produce a Quantity sufficient to make as
 “ much Gunpowder as will blow up the Tower
 “ of *London* within a Month.” This perspective
 Explosion was a *Feu de joye* to *Dick*: Mynheer
 obtained 200 *l.* more to purchase Carts and
 Horses, and buy up all the Rubbish and Soil
 about Town, which was to be converted into
 the same Quantity of *Saltpetre*, without Loss
 or Diminution. In a word, *Dick* was, in a
 Week’s Time, become one of the greatest
 Scavengers of this Metropolis; and during
 the Period that he exercised this Function,
 the Streets were kept much cleaner than they
 were ever known to be before.

A proper Laboratory was hired, with the
 necessary Apparatus; and there was now
 found no possible Impediment to the Execu-
 tion of their Project, or reaping all the Ad-
 vantages they were to derive from it. Myn-
 heer acquainted the Doctor, from Day to

Day, that every thing went on to the utmost Extent of his Wishes; and that he had nothing to do but consider how he might dispose of so great a Quantity of *Saltpetre* as would be produced, to the most Advantage. He would willingly have contracted with the Government; but he found they had no Occasion for this Ingredient in its crude State: So that he at length entered into an Engagement to deliver to a *Dutch* Gunpowder Merchant 500,000 Tons of good *Saltpetre* safe at *Amsterdam* on that Day Month; upon Failure whereof he was to forfeit 100 l.

At length the very Day approached that was to determine the Success of our Hero's great and elaborate Project. He passed the Evening with Mynheer *Vanderbrocken*, who appeared uncommonly chearful and gay upon the Strength of his Performance; and he told the Doctor to come in the Morning between Ten and Eleven to the Laboratory, when he should be convinced that the *Saltpetre* and their *Fortunes* were made together.

Dick got very little Sleep that Night, as he could not close his Eyes for meditating upon
the

the Application of his future immense Fortune. It was a Matter of no small Debate with him whether he should lay it out in the Funds, or in the Purchase of a landed Estate; but as he concluded it would be so extensive that he could not immediately find any Estate to purchase of the Value that he should have Money to lay out, it would be necessary to place some in the Funds, as well as to purchase Land. This Matter being decided, he next began to consider whether he should continue practising as a Doctor, or apply his Time intirely to the Study of such useful Projects as would more and more increase his Fortune. But as his Pride somewhat interfered in this Debate, and as the Extent of his Practice did not much interfere with his other Avocations, he thought it would do honour to the Faculty, as well as to himself, to have so wealthy and considerable a Member amongst them. The next Object that passed in this exalted Review was whether he should get into Parliament; which being immediately determined in the Affirmative, the Question was

then put, whether he should purchase a small Borough cheap in the West, or whether he should stay till the next General Election for *Denbighshire*? Here again his Pride interposed; and as the General Election was very near, he thought it would be a Credit to the Family of the *Swallows*, and restore them in some degree to their primitive Dignity to have *Richard Swallow*, M. D. for a Representative of that County. But the simple Title of M. D. began to stick in *Dick's* Stomach; and he imagined he should at least be intitled to Knighthood, considering the Antiquity of his Family, the Extent of his Fortune, and his uncommon Abilities. He resolved, however, that if the Court Party did not pay him sufficient Attention, and procure him to be created a Knight the very first Session, he would certainly exert all his political Skill, display all his Rhetoric, and *expose* all his Talents in the Opposition; which alone would be of sufficient Weight to thwart every ministerial Measure.

Just as *Sir RICHARD SWALLOW* had kissed the King's Hand, it struck Ten o'Clock,
without

without his having yet had one Wink of Sleep; such Perturbators of Tranquility are Grandeur and Riches—even in Idea! It may be questioned whether he would have rose till he had been created a Peer, if the Clock had not thus subpoenaed him to attend the *Summum bonum* of all his Wealth and Magnificence. He accordingly rose; and having with much Expedition dressed himself, immediately repaired to the Laboratory——When lo! he found Mynheer *Vanderbrocken* suffocated over one of the Furnaces!—and all his Titles, Pomp, and State reduced to a *Caput mortuum!*

C H A P. XII.

The real PARASITICAL CHAPTER; or an Account of the Toad-eaters Club in ——— Street; with an Attempt towards delineating a few Characters known in the polite World.

SUCH a severe and unexpected Blow as our Hero met with in the last Chapter, would have made many a Man of a less philosophical Disposition taken the shortest Road to Eternity—But *Dick* did not shoot himself! It is true in the first Ebullition of his Rage he did utter some Imprecations, and seemed to impeach the Rectitude of Providence, who had so treacherously brought him to the very Threshold of Happiness, only to precipitate him into the Gulph of Misery. But his Passion being abated, he recanted his
 impious

impious Declamations, and began to consider his Misfortunes with more Fortitude. There was no Circumstance relating to his Fate that affected him so much as the Contract he had entered into with the *Dutch* Gunpowder Merchant; as he was thereby compelled to pay an Hundred Pounds, without the Prospect of any Advantage.

The only Consolation our Hero could procure himself was the Reflexion that none of his Friends had been acquainted with his Project, which by this time began to appear to him in its most formidably-ridiculous Light: So that he could visit Governor *Dibble*, and join in the Conversation of his convivial Board, without being rallied for the extravagant Part he had acted.

It was just at this Time that the Governor had introduced *Dick* to Lord *Shallow*.—No one that knows Lord *Shallow* is ignorant that his Lordship piques himself upon many Accomplishments to which he has not the least Pretensions. His Learning is the Whipt-Syllabub of Science: His Knowledge of the World gleaned from his own select Club of
Toad.

108 THE PARASITE.

Toad-eaters : His Gallantry founded upon his Acquaintance with the most abandoned and profligate of the Sex : His Wit extracted from *Joe Miller*, and the rest of the public Jesters : His Religion an heterogenous Mixture of Superstition, Enthusiasm, and Immorality : *His Honour, indeed, is that of a Man of Quality.* These are the Outlines of Lord *Shallow's* Portrait ; there is no mistaking the Original, the *Traits* are so remarkable and striking.

It were needless, perhaps, after this, to say that his Lordship was constantly beset with Parasites and Sycophants, or that his Table was universally known by the *TOAD-EATERS CLUB* in ——— *STREET.* *Dick* was possessed of every requisite Accomplishment to recommend himself to his Lordship : He was patient in hearing, docile in retracting, and easy of Conviction : He had no Opinion, no Judgment, no Sentiment : He saw, he heard, he felt with his Lordship's Organs : In a word, *Dick* promised fair for rivalling the whole Club, and being the Chieftain of Parasites. What added no small Weight to
Dick's

Dick's Influence over his Lordship, and the important Acquisition which he imagined he had hereby made to his Society, was *Dick's* extensive Learning and profound Skill in Politics. My Lord was charmed to find he always met with the Approbation of a Man of the Doctor's Erudition, upon every difficult Point whereupon he offered his Opinion—Though his Lordship was thoroughly convinced of the Rectitude of his Notions, it gave him no small Satisfaction to find that they so immediately coincided with Mr. *Swallow's*.

It might be imagined from this that Lord *Shallow's* constant Guests were Persons of no Figure in the learned or political World ; but this was far from being the Case. Dr. *Waddle* had hitherto stood foremost upon the List of his classical Friends. This Gentleman was perfectly acquainted with every Edition of every Writer of any Eminence from *Hesiod* down to *Voltaire*: He knew, by a Kind of Intuition, all the Comments that had been made upon all the various Readings of every Scholiast extant. This and such-like

like Knowledge could not fail of highly recommending him to Lord *Shallow*, who had already sucked in as much Knowledge from the Doctor's Etymologies and Definitions as might, if properly digested, have furnished the World with a very extraordinary and, no doubt, as useful a Lexicon. The Doctor had besides some very remarkable Cures, which he had performed in the Course of his extensive Practice, to recommend him. Being a singular Man, he seldom mentioned any Disorders that were in the common Track of Prescription; but he failed not to exult upon Two very remarkable Cases, which had baffled the Skill of the whole Faculty: He had cured the Duchess of *M——*'s Parrot of the Stone in the Bladder, and Lady *H——*'s Monkey of a virulent Gonorrhœa, which, in a prior Consultation, had been erroneously pronounced a feminal Weakness.

Captain *Dandy* was another of his Lordship's Guests. It cannot be said that this Gentleman either attempted or pretended to that Share of Learning which so eminently distinguished Doctor *Waddle*. The Captain generally

THE PARASITE. 111

generally caught up the current Scandal of the Day—He knew when a fine Woman of Fashion was ready to run away with her Footman ; or another had turned Shoplifter, to prepare herself for cheating with more Elegance at Quadrille : He could account for the Manner of Living of every Sporus of the Age ; and was the Horoscope of every *Irisb* Beauty's Virtue that dazzled at Court, or was mobbed out of the Park. Such Intelligence and Calculations were particularly agreeable to his Lordship, as they furnished him with Opportunities of displaying his Art, and manifesting his Satire.

Counsellor *Nisiprise* had many Talents, which, it must be acknowledged, he prostituted for the Sake of good Eating. He was frequently compelled to sacrifice his Judgment, to belie his Knowledge, and give up his Sentiments to a Man whom he really despised, because these were necessary Tributes to be paid to his Vanity for supporting his Acquaintance.

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The Reverend Mr. *Paunch* brought up the Rear of these right honourable Guests. He said Grace and crack'd a bawdy Joke in the same Breath : He sanctified Indecency, and was generally the first to promote the *After-Dinner Toast*. To say that Mr. *Paunch* loved good Eating, or that he could carry off Three Pounds and Three Bottles, would be a Sort of Insult to him—His Abilities were far superior to this when Venison and Claret were the Objects of Attention. As this Reverend Gentleman never made any other Use of his Mouth, after the first Grace was said, than for a nutritional Purpose, so he seldom entered into any Argument, and consequently scarce ever gave his Lordship any Offence by contradicting him ; thinking that the Utterance, even of the Monosyllable *Yes*, would take up more Time than he could well spare from the real Business of the Table.

Doctor *Swallow* was soon initiated into the Mysteries of this Society ; and he had assisted at this convivial Board, with the greatest Success, for some Months, having strictly followed

followed the Rules laid down, and which it was necessary to observe, in this respectable Association; though he was frequently a Spectator of some of the Members falling under the President's Censure. For if his Lordship took the least Disgust at any one's Speech, Behaviour, or even Gesture, though the Soup were brought in, a Nod to the Servant would speedily remove the Culprit's Plate; his Lordship telling him, with his *most expressive* Countenance, "That he should be
 " glad to see him on such a Day." This was a Hint sufficient; and there was no Appeal to be made, no Reply to be offered. *Dick* was at first not a little surprized to find that this Behaviour of his Lordship never seemed to discompose the unlucky Guest, who, upon these Occasions, departed with as much seeming Satisfaction as if he had actually eat his Dinner; and that he constantly re-appeared, at the stated Period, with as much Complaisance as if nothing had happened.

This was but one amongst many singular Laws that were strictly observed in the

TOAD-EATING CLUB. When Dinner was finished, and a Couple of Glasses of Port gone round, his Lordship usually pulled out his Watch, or enquired of his Servants what it was o'Clock, which was the Signal of Retreat for those who were not particularly invited to remain. But these seldom consisted of more than Two Members; and to the Honour of our Hero be it recorded, that he was almost constantly of this small Number. Upon these Occasions his Lordship would say, "Mr. *Paunch*, I must shew you that Letter I have received. Doctor *Swallow*, you'll favour me with your Company to Coffee." When the rest of the Guests, having taken their Hats, and made their Obeisance, disappeared till Four o'Clock next Day.

Dick had been thus successful in gaining his Lordship's Regard and Attention, when an unlucky Accident had nearly expelled him from this honourable Society. His Lordship was holding forth upon the Politics of the Day; and having mentioned some Promotions which were made in the Plantations,

tions, he began to expatiate upon the Nature of our Trade to the *East Indies*; and concluded with observing, that the Company had not this Year appointed any Ship for *Jamaica*.

So gross a Blunder made every one stare; but no one had the Imprudence to set his Lordship right, except *Dick*, who, whispering in his Ear, and endeavouring to rescue *Jamaica* from *Asia*, had the Hint given, and his Plate removed, at the Entrance of the first Courfe; his Lordship telling him, *He should be glad to see him when he came that Way again*.

Notwithstanding *Dick's* unquestionable parasitical Accomplishments, he was destitute of that Share of Philosophy so necessary upon this Occasion—Dr. *Swallow's Welch Blood* was fired at the Insult; and though he had so many shining Examples of Forbearance before him, he could not prevail upon himself to pass by this Affront unnoticed. In a word, the Doctor had actually wrote a Challenge to his Lordship; when having com-

116 THE PARASITE.

municated his Thoughts to Captain *Dandy*, whose Assistance he requested in Quality of a Second, he was prevailed upon, with much Reasoning from the Captain, to desist from this Measure. It was not, however, till Lord *Shallow* sent the Doctor a Card with his Compliments and a fresh Invitation, that he resumed his Visits.

C H A P,

C H A P. XIII.

The MELANCHOLY CHAPTER—
Death and Poverty!

THOUGH *Dick* accepted of the Apology which Lord *Shallow* made in his Card, and renewed his Visits, they were not nearly so frequent as formerly; being desirous of thereby insinuating to his Lordship, that he was not to attribute his Company to any urgent Necessity for a Dinner. These Vacations from Lord *Shallow's* Table he usually employed in waiting upon Governor *Dibble*, who, though he had filled a Command in the *West Indies*, was not, by many Degrees, so great a Bashaw as his Lordship.

The Governor's Esteem was apparently much increased for the Doctor: He had let drop many favourable Insinuations, that having no Relations nearer than second Cousins,

118 THE PARASITE.

Dick might reasonably expect a very ample Provision at his Death. This failed not to recruit at Periods our Hero's Spirits ; and it was upon the Strength of these Insinuations, and the seeming Improbability of the Governor's surviving many Months, that he was induced to continue his Chariot a whole Twelvemonth longer than he had resolved upon.

It was in the Midst of these Expectations that a very cheap Purchase in Land was offered to the Governor ; but Stocks being at that Time very low, and Mr. *Dibble* much averse to selling out at so great a Loss, he would have relinquished the Bargain, had not the Doctor very politely offered him the Money he was deficient. This was the Sum of Two hundred Pounds ; and though it left him without Fifty Pounds more in the World, as he considered it as only laid out for his *own* Use, he neither asked nor so much as thought of requiring any Security for the Money.

The Governor had been for some time in a very bad State of Health. The Doctor had given his Advice *gratis* ; and being of Opinion

nion that he would never recover, he had frequently thrown out Hints that it would be prudent for him to make his Will. But these Innuendoes Mr. *Dibble* never seemed to understand; and *Dick* thinking himself therein so deeply concerned, imagined he could not, with any Kind of Decency, push the Affair too home to him. However, finding Things approach to a Crisis, he had resolved to engage Mr. *Manly* to bring the Affair to an Upshot; though he conceived that he should, by that Step, be at least a Hundred Pound Legacy out of Pocket.

He had conferred with Mr. *Manly* upon this Subject; and the Plan was laid that he should have a *tête à tête* with the Governor immediately after *Dick* had left him and convinced him that he had but a short Time to sojourn in this mundane Sphere.

Before this Scheme could be executed, the Doctor was called up one Morning very early by the Governor's Servant, who acquainted him, that his Master was taken speechless, and that his immediate Assistance was absolutely necessary. *Dick* found what the Servant had

informed him to be strictly true, with this Difference only, that his Assistance was intirely superfluous, the Governor departing this Life a few Minutes after the Doctor entered his Chamber.

This unlucky Stroke put the finishing Hand to all *Dick's* Hopes. Vain were his Researches for a Will—His Fortune upon this Score was reverfed to the Case of Lady *D*——. Vain were his Remonstrances to the next of Kin that he had actually lent the Governor Two hundred Pounds ; no Security could be produced, and no Satisfaction could be obtained.

A Series of Misfortunes now befel our Hero—No sooner had he dismissed his Equipage, than he found his Levee greatly increased—with *Duns*. Promises repeatedly broke, drew at length an Execution into his House, and he was stripped of every Thing that belonged to him. It was now that he found Lord *Shallow's* Table a very comfortable Asylum, and indeed his only Resource ; but with this Alteration to his former Reception, that his Indigence being once manifested, he was no longer of the Number of the *Claret*
Elect ;

Elect; but found himself under the disagreeable Necessity of retreating with the Dinner, after having swallowed a *Toad-eater's* Meal, as many *Insults* as *Mouthfuls*.

We cannot suppose but what the Doctor's Wardrobe was by this time somewhat diminished; and that his Dress and Appearance underwent as great a Change as his Fortune. Though Lord *Shallow's* Table furnished him with a Dinner, it was necessary for the Support of Nature that he should *sometimes* breakfast, and *sometimes* sup—Besides these *extra* Expences, there was an absolutely inevitable one, that of a Lodging—not to say a Word about Washing, and the other Appendages of Cleanliness. All these put together soon reduced him to that melancholy Situation from which he was delivered by his Acquaintance with Mrs. *W——r*.

C H A P. XIV.

Dick's Misfortunes multiply. An Adventure in St. Giles's, and the Mortification Dick meets with in a very essential Purchase.

MISFORTUNES never come singly, was an Observation Dick had often made since his Arrival in this Metropolis ; but he never applied it with more Justice than at present : For whilst he was revolving in his Mind how he should supply the Loss of his *only Handkerchief*, which, even *Hibernian*-like, he was not now possessed of, he unfortunately hit his Foot against a Stone, which rent the Upper-leather of his Shoe almost intirely from the Sole. It was now within a Quarter of Three—It was impossible to wait upon my Lord, and attend the Club, in that melancholy Situation : For though he had just
hit

hit upon the Plan of procuring a Handkerchief, by borrowing one from Dr. *Waddle*, who always carried at least Half a Dozen in his Pocket, there was no Possibility of averting that he had his Pocket picked of his Shoes, in order to borrow a Pair; so that some Means were to be devised of procuring them. He ruminated with a desponding Heart upon the present State of his Finances, which amounted to no more than Two Shillings and Two Pence Farthing—He at first conceived that he might have his Shoe mended at a Cobler's for his small Money; but on Application to one at the Corner of the Street, he was told it was impossible to have it rectified in such a Manner as to be worn after. This Information almost destroyed every Hope of his being able to appear that Day as a Member of the honourable *Toad-eating Club*; and upon farther Reflexion he found, that the same Obstacle which prevented his Attendance To-day would still exist on the Morrow, without he could, by some Means or other, obtain a Pair of wearable Shoes.

In this critical Situation he recollected that he had seen second-hand Shoes hang out to Sale in *St. Giles's*, and that this must be the Magazine of his present Supply. Accordingly thither he repaired—It sometimes happens that a Man is dressed too well—This was actually the Case with *Dick* at present ; for though his black Coat stuck together by Art, and he had himself performed a *taylorizing Operation* upon it under the Arms that very Morning ; though his Hat had been dressed and re-dressed, turned and re-turned, till it was rather of a dark brown Colour than a black ; though the *Body* of his Shirt (that is, as much of it as covered his Body) had not been washed for a Fortnight, and by its Dye seemed to declare open War against Soap and Water ; and though his Ruffles and Collar, which had been repeatedly *blanched* (I say *blanched*, and not washed, because they only bordered upon white) had not a little open Work in them ; yet *Dick* was still too well dressed for the Business he was going upon. This he was sensible of ; and therefore endeavoured to divest himself, as much as possible,

sible, of all Appearances of Gentility : To this End he retired under an obscure Gateway, and having tucked in his Ruffles, flapped his Hat, and hid his Sword under his Coat, he repaired with much Expedition to the Scene of Action ; where having sunk into a Cellar, and examined some Shoes which he thought would fit him, he found his Sword, in its present Situation, an unsurmountable Obstacle to trying them on ; so that he was compelled to draw it forth from its hidden Recess, and make it bear Witness against his *Ungentility*.

The second-hand Shoe-Factor very ingeniously told him, that he had the Honour to serve many *Gentlemen of Fashion*, the Tenderness of whose Feet would not permit them to wear new Shoes ; and that he hoped he should have his Custom for the future. *Dick* was a good deal pleased with the Artfulness of the Chapman's Apology for purchasing second-hand Shoes, which was a much better one than he could have devised, and which indeed he never should have

have had the Impudence, in his present Distress, to have used. But it was not his Fate to be served by a Cobler of so much Address; there was not a Pair in his whole Manufactory that would nearly fit him, and he was obliged to remount in the same unprovided State as he descended. However, a few Cellars farther he espied a Pair, which, by their Appearance, he imagined would suit; but as he dreaded any one's passing who knew him, whilst he was making this notable Purchase, he hastened down Stairs with all imaginable Precipitancy; when he had no sooner announced his Business, than the Woman of the Cellar bawled out to her Husband, who was in the Street, that *a Gentleman wanted a Pair of second-hand Shoes*. This she declaimed in so loud a Voice, that though it was in *Broad St. Giles's* itself, she might easily have been heard across the Way, and attracted the Curiosity of more than Half a Dozen Passengers, to observe who this *Gentleman* was that was laying out his Money in so *æconomical* a Way: They surrounded the

the Cellar, and placed their Eyes full upon *Dick* whilst he was trying on his Shoes—at the Sight of his Sword lying by him, and his Three-tailed Wig, they set up such a Horse-laugh as instantaneously gathered a Mob together—every one enquiring what was the Matter? But what was *Dick's* Confusion, when looking up he espied Mr. —, whom he had, a Quarter of an Hour before, been disputing with at *Slaughter's*, concerning the Claims of the House of *Brandenburg* to the Duchy of *East Friesland*!

There was no retracting now, he was obliged to go through with his Operation; and having given the Shoe-Factor what he asked (being the Sum of Twenty-two Pence) he would fain have made a Deduction of Four Pence on Account of the Shoes he had on; but upon Examination they were pronounced not worth a Halfpenny; and the Man saying he would not be troubled with them, he still more increased *Dick's* Rage. Having got the newly-purchased ones on, he flung the old ones down, saying, “By G—d,
“ but

“but you must have have them, for I do not know what to do with them;”—then taking to his Heels, he made the best of his Way through the Crowd, not without some Shouts and Hootings; so that any one passing might easily have mistaken *Dick* for a Pickpocket.

This was a very mortifying Adventure for *Dick*, not only on Account of his present Dishonour, but also by Reason of his future Discredit, as he was pretty certain his political Antagonist would not fail to triumph over his Distresses, retail his Misfortunes at *Slaughter's* before his Return, and thereby regain in *St. Giles's* what he had lost in *Germany*. He also considered the Disadvantages of a Man's appearing out of Character, and that, besides the ridiculous Figure he had made for the Sport of the Mob, the Appellation of *Gentleman* had certainly been a Sixpenny Duty, and every *Sir* a Penny *semper eadem* upon his Shoes.

However,

THE PARASITE. 129

However, *Dick* having thus equipped his Feet, pulled down his Ruffles, and replaced his Sword by his Side, he consoled himself with the Reflexion, that he could now at least make his Appearance at the *Toad-eater's* Club, and that luckily none of the Members had passed by during this *Crispinian Conflict*.

VOL. II.

K

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Kate's Arrival in Town—The Mortification she gives the Doctor at Lord Shallow's. A Conference between Dick and his Enamorata. The present Advantage he derives therefrom. A Prospect of their Connexion.

THE present State of our Hero's Indigence will, I believe, need neither Comment nor Illustration ; and the Reader will, I doubt not, by this time set him down for a d——d unlucky Rascal, who, according to the vulgar Phrase, *was born under a Three-penny Planet, and would never be worth a Groat.* I must acknowledge, though I wish Doctor Swallow as well as any Man living, and not without Reason, and though I believe I am as little tinctured with Superstition as any one breathing, I cannot help beginning

ginning to suspect that his *infernal* (not celestial) Stars have had some Share in his uncommon Fate. I did imagine I had surmounted every the smallest astrological Influence, and had concluded that neither *Mars*, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, or *Saturn* had any thing at all to do with our terrestrial Conduct; and that though we had called *Saturn* a stupid, thick-skulled Rascal, *Mercury* a scandalous Pimp, or *Venus* a most errant Brimstone, they could no way in the World have commenced an Action for *Scandalum Magnatum*, or prosecuted us for a Libel. But I begin to suspect that there are other Courts of Justice besides those in *Westminster Hall*, and that there is a certain Fatality that settles every thing important *above Stairs*, before it can obtain a fair Hearing before *LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PRATT*.

It was the very Day after our Hero had so usefully disposed of his Two-and-twenty Pence in *St. Giles's* that he met *Kate* in ————
Street—nay, at the critical Moment of knocking at Lord *Shallow's* Door. *Kate* had passed him twice, without his observing her; and it

was not till he had given the triple Rap that she accosted him, otherwise he might have saved himself no small Share of Confusion before the Porter, in being compelled to acknowledge *Kate*, in her red Cloak and brown Camblet Gown, for an Acquaintance. This was the Summit of Mortification to the Doctor, who had but too sensibly felt the various Gradations of his Dress and Appearance, by the Behaviour of his Lordship's Domestics.

The Doctor's shabby Gentility appeared to *Kate* in a very different Point of Light to what it had done to Lord *Shallow's* Servants; she, who had never seen him in a ruffled Shirt, a Tye-wig, or Sword, imagined these were the distinctive Marks of Nobility in *London*; and therefore concluded, not without some Reason, that *Dick* was too proud to take Notice of her. She therefore challenged an Acquaintance with him just as the Door opened; and he was so unexpectedly surprized into it, that he found himself compelled to acknowledge it.

Let

Let the Reader suppose himself in *Dick's* Situation, and then ask himself how he would have acted? A Dagger to his Heart, a Pistol-Shot to his Brain, an Earthquake, or a general Dissolution of Nature, could not more have affected him! *Dick* was not fascinated nor Planet-struck—he was petrified. He remained insensible for some Moments; and had not the Servants conducted him into the Hall, seated him, and applied Hartshorn Drops, this would, in all Likelihood, have terminated *Dick's* Misery and our History. When he recovered a Share of his Senses sufficient to distinguish Objects, and found *Kate* sitting by him, bathing his Hands with Tears, he narrowly escaped a Relapse, that would, in all Probability, have been much more dangerous than the first Attack.

Lord *Shallow* entered at this critical Moment: He enquired what was the Matter, and being informed that the Doctor had been suddenly taken ill, ordered him into the Dining-Parlour, where, by *Kate's* Absence, he soon recovered himself, and received the agreeable Information that the young Wo-

man was gone. This Intelligence would have restored him to all the Keenneſs of Appetite wherewith he had ſet out from his Lodging, had he not frequently ſeen her paſs and repaſs before the Window whilſt Dinner was ſerving; and *Dick*, for the firſt Time, looked upon his Lordſhip's aſking *what 'twas o'Clock* as a very happy *Epocha*. He immediately profited of the Signal, and took his Hat and Leave before any other of the Gueſts could gain the Street-Door.

Kate, who had been all this Time waiting for him, no ſooner perceived him in the Street, than ſhe ran through the thickeſt of the Mud croſs the Way, and claſping his Hand, was glad to find he was ſo well recovered, and kept ſuch grand Company; at the ſame time enquiring whether he was ſubject to theſe Fits, and if it was the *London* Air that ſo affected him, as ſhe had never known him to be troubled with them at *Wrexham*. All theſe Congratulacions and Enquiries paſſed whilſt ſhe kept hold of his Hand, and he was making the beſt of his Way out of the Neighbourhood, leſt any of his *Toad-eating* Acquaintance ſhould

should have perceived him so linked with his *Dulcinea*. So that instead of making her any Sort of Reply, he was incessantly turning his Head round to see if the Coast was completely clear.

At length having gained a very bye Alley, where he thought he might enter into a Conference unnoticed by any who knew him, *Dick* in Return began to be as inquisitive, in respect to *Kate's* Affairs, as she had before been with regard to his. She very innocently told him the real Cause of her coming to *London*, where she had arrived that very Morning: That her Box and Cloaths were still at the Inn; and that she looked upon herself as vastly lucky at having met him so very opportunely. Though *Dick* did not readily acquiesce to this last Opinion, yet as his Terrors were over, and a good Meal had in a great measure recruited his Spirits, he began to think that this unexpected Re-encounter with *Kate* might, in his present Circumstances, be turned to some Advantage, especially as he found she had saved upwards of Twenty Pounds, which she

had brought with her, and that she was tolerably equipped with respect to Cloaths, though they were not of a very elegant Sort. To this end he judged it would be very imprudent to undeceive her in regard to his present Affluence and Grandeur, as she had not Penetration sufficient to discover, beneath his three-tail Perriwig and full-trimmed Coat, Poverty and Distress. The Company she found he kept, and that dangling Mark of Gentility which he carried about him, might have deceived a Woman of more Discernment : So that *Dick* had no Occasion to give her any Assurances of the prosperous State of his Affairs ; it was only necessary that he should make some Declarations of Love and Friendship, and lay aside that seeming Pride, which she attributed to the Elevation of his Fortune, and the Gentility of his Appearance.

Dick immediately proposed repairing to the Inn where her Things were deposited, as the properest Place to hold a Conference upon what was the most prudent Step to be taken. He then observed to her, that he was at present
lodged

lodged in a House, the Mistress of which was so extremely scrupulous, that she would let no Females, of whatever Kind, be admitted to any of her Lodgers; but that he would procure her a Lodging for the present, till such time as they could take a House, and live together. So much Condescension and Regard dazzled *Kate* with such Prospects of Grandeur, that she imagined as the Doctor kept Company with Lords, to be sure when she should be looked upon as his Wife, she would associate with Ladies; and began already to think herself a Woman of no small Consequence. Had not *Kate* been put into a very good-natured Disposition by the enlivening Glass which chearfully circulated, the Renewal of *Dick's* Friendship and Attachment would have sufficiently intitled him to any Demand that he could reasonably have made. It was now that he opened his Mind to her, and asked whether she could do him a Piece of Service. She replied any thing in her Power he might command. "Why
 " then (said he) I have a Bill of Ten Pounds
 " to pay To-morrow, and I have got but
 " Five

“Five Pounds of the Money; and unless I
 “can borrow the other Five somewhere, I
 “shall be put to great Inconveniency.” *Kate*
 made him no Answer; but pulling out her
 Purse, put down Ten Guineas, desiring him
 to make use of them. He had Modesty enough
 at first to decline accepting of more than Five;
 but she strongly pressing him, saying, *That as*
he would pay away all he had, he would cer-
tainly have Occasion for the other Five, he at
 length submitted, and indulged her with ac-
 cepting of the whole Sum.

Dick having by this Means recovered some
 of his Linen and a decent Suit of Cloaths, he
 was as good as his Word, and took Lodgings
 for them both upon a Ground-Floor near
Crown-Court; when *Kate* was as happy as a
 Queen, in the full Expectation of soon rolling
 in her Chariot; and *Dick's* Circumstances
 were somewhat altered for the better, by the
 Application of *Kate's* small Fortune.

It cannot be supposed that the remaining
 Ten Guineas, which were all that *Kate* and
 her Helpmate were possessed of, could furnish
 them with the Means of subsisting any great
 Length

Length of Time, especially as our Hero found himself intirely disgraced at Lord *Shallow's*, by the Recapitulation of what had passed between *Kate* and the Doctor upon their first Interview. It was not long before *Kate* became a Disciple to that System of Philosophy which *Dick* was initiated into by the Chamberlain at the *Whitechapel* Inn. She was highly delighted at first with the Doctrine of *the Three Blue Spheres*. But she soon discovered her Mistake, and found, to her Cost, that they did not equiponderate between present Interest and future Loss.

C H A P. XVI.

Containing some valuable Secrets, whereby any unfortunate Physician, Surgeon, or Apothecary (eke Man-midwife) who is not possessed of so extensive a Practice as he can desire, may insure himself more Patients than he can attend in one Week's Time—Founded upon Experience, and confirmed by Success.

IN this Situation *Dick* resolved to make a physical Push. He was at present unable to display the necessary Insignia of an Equipage, without which Medicine is so poorly recommended, and sometimes with it, as he had woefully experienced: As to any new Discoveries or fresh Nostrums, the Invention of Man and the Skill of the most elaborate Chemist were set at nought—There were more Remedies

Remedies advertised than there were Disorders; and considering their great Efficacy, it was surprising there should be an ailing Person in the Three Kingdoms. Thus circumstanced, and knowing that nothing but Novelty would strike the Public's Attention, *Dick* bethought himself that it would be more expedient to invent fresh Disorders than to attempt new Remedies. Whilst he was exco-
 gitating in this Manner one Morning at *Forrest's* Coffee-house, a Lady passed by who had the Misfortune to be crooked: He observed that all the Art of her Staymaker had been exhausted in attempting to conceal the Deformity, but to little or no Effect. A Thought immediately came into his Head, that there was not a hunch-back Woman in *England* that would not pay a Guinea, in the Expectation of being rendered strait. He immediately called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and produced the following Advertisement:

To

To the FAIR SEX.

“ **A**S many very agreeable Ladies have the
 “ Misfortune, either by some Accident at
 “ their Birth or the Carelessness of their
 “ Nurses, to be ill-shaped, or what is usually
 “ called hunch-backed ; and as they would,
 “ if this Impediment to their general Beauty
 “ were removed, be, perhaps, some of the
 “ most shining Ornaments of their Sex : A
 “ Gentleman of the Faculty, who has also
 “ been bred a regular Surgeon, offers his
 “ Service to such Ladies as labour under these
 “ Inconveniences, and assures them they need
 “ not be under the least Apprehension, in
 “ any Case however desperate, of being ren-
 “ dered completely strait in a few Weeks,
 “ by the Application of a new invented
 “ Bandage, which is used in the Grand
 “ Signior’s Seraglio, with the greatest Suc-
 “ cess, and without having once failed of pro-
 “ ducing the desired Effect. This great Ac-
 “ quisition for the *English* Ladies he formerly
 “ made whilst he was at *Constantinople* em-
 “ ployed

“ ployed in the Capacity of the *Musti*’s head
 “ Surgeon. He has since availed himself of
 “ this important Discovery in many Parts of
 “ *Europe*, particularly at the Courts of *Pe-*
 “ *tersburgh, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Copen-*
 “ *penhagen, Stockholm, Paris, Madrid, Lis-*
 “ *bon, Turin, &c. &c. &c. &c.* where the
 “ many surprising Cures he has performed
 “ upon Numbers of the first Nobility would
 “ be too tedious to attempt enumerating in
 “ an Advertisement, but the Truth of which
 “ any Lady may be convinced of, by the nu-
 “ merous Letters the Doctor has now in his
 “ Possession of the Hand-writing of most of
 “ the Crowned Heads, Potentates, and So-
 “ vereign Princes of *Europe, Asia, Africa,*
 “ and *America*, upon Application to him at
 “ his House in *Queen’s-Head-Court, near*
 “ *Windmill-Street.*”

This Advertisement, strange and ridiculous
 as it might appear, operated beyond the
 Doctor’s most sanguine Expectations : For in
 a few Days he had no less than Twenty Pa-
 tients, from every one of whom he received a
 Guinea.

Guinea (besides the Price of a Bandage, which he had indeed invented) as Earnest of their future Payments. Most of these Ladies were so completely deformed, that it evidently appeared Nature never designed them to be strait. Some of his younger Patients, who were only a little crooked, by being habitually kept in an upright Posture, might derive some Advantage from the Use of the Bandage, which was formed of nothing but Pasteboard; but which he easily persuaded them had been made at *Constantinople*, and therefore extorted for it Two Guineas. He had the Art of satisfying most of his Patients; for those to whom he did the least Good were readily apprised of it, and those to whom he did no Good, he had the Address to persuade they were much straiter than he found them, and that they would, in a few Weeks, arrive at that easy, careless, flattern, fashionable shape, which no one could determine to be crooked or strait, and which, he assured them, was the precise Line of Beauty, as delineated by Mr. *Hogarth*.

This

His early Success in this crooked Branch of Chirurgery, which had ere now enabled him to keep a Man to disperse his Hand-Bills about, and stick up his Advertisements at the Corners of Streets (which latter Vocation he had been obliged himself for some time to follow) excited him to ruminate still farther, in order to discover imaginary Ailments, which might admit of real Cures. *Kate's* prolific Venter, which once more began to testify itself, often came into his Head: He could not help considering what a Misfortune it must be for a poor Man to be troubled with an over-fruitful Wife—He also reflected upon the many virtuous Reputations that were lost by young Ladies being too pregnant with the Ovidian Ideas; and that, notwithstanding they might give a Dozen useful Members to the Community, they were branded with Infamy by that same Community, in proportion as they were useful to it. These and such-like Considerations induced him to offer his Service to both Sexes upon this important Head; and as the Advertise-

ment published upon this Occasion was somewhat whimsical, the Reader may not be displeased to meet with it here.

“ **H**APPINESS is the general Pursuit of
 “ Mankind; and as the Poet has very
 “ judiciously remarked, that Love is the so-
 “ vereign Cordial that must sweeten all the
 “ Bitters of Life, it would be the highest
 “ Cruelty to think of hindering the meanest
 “ of our Fellow-Creatures from the Parti-
 “ cipation of this universal Blessing. But
 “ as there is no Felicity on Earth without Al-
 “ loy, so even Love is frequently attended in
 “ its Indulgence, with the most poignant Af-
 “ fliction, and the most lasting Sorrow, which
 “ is occasioned by the Prejudices and erro-
 “ neous Opinions of the World on the one
 “ hand, the Apprehensions of Poverty and Mi-
 “ sery on the other. In order to remove the
 “ Sources of these Misfortunes, as far as it is
 “ in the Power of Humanity, a Gentleman
 “ learned in physical and natural Researches
 “ offers to secure the Ladies Reputations,
 “ without

“ without constraint, and the Terrors of too
 “ numerous an Offspring, without preclud-
 “ ing Enjoyment.”

This Advertisement had no sooner made its Appearance, than *Dick* had infinitely more Applications upon this Occasion than upon his former Proposal—Whether there were more Reputations to secure than Backs to straiten, or whether Love is a more predominant Passion than Beauty, thus much is certain, that he had above Fifty Messages the first Morning ; and as he sold his Preparation at Half a Guinea a Bottle, which was only *one preventative Dose*, frequent Repetitions ensued from his *cured* Patients : So that it were needless to add that this *unfructifying* Scheme proved a very *fruitful* one to him, and soon enabled him to take a genteel House, and keep a Servant in Livery.

He was waited upon one Morning by a Man and his Wife, who, he was informed, had come out of *Yorksire*, in order to be cured of their fatal Disorder, which was that

of getting too many Children—A Year never elapsed without their producing one, two, and sometimes three; so that though they had been married but Five Years, they had now Nine Children living; and as they were both young and healthful, there was as great a Probability of their having Nine more in the same Time. This certainly was an alarming Affair. *John Thwacker* (which was his Name) would fain have persuaded *Bess* to have undergone an Operation that could not fail being completely efficacious; but as she insisted upon a reciprocal Concession on his Part, the Knight of the Horse-Shoe Crest was dismissed without performing his Office. Not agreeing about this Matter, which had occasioned frequent Altercation, they resolved to come up to Town, as they had been informed that the Doctor was *a very larned Man*, and could cure them without coming to such Extremities; but when they were informed his Medicine was Half a Guinea a Bottle, and that one Bottle must be taken every time they proposed deceiving Nature, they were resolved to return home, and jog on in the old Way.

Dick

Dick was another Morning waited upon by an old Gentleman who had married a young Wife; and as the Doctor had made so notable a Discovery to prevent Pregnancy, he doubted not that by some Anti-application he might promote it: And having been married Two Years, without his Wife having yet proved fruitful, he came to know if the Doctor was acquainted with any Prescription in the *Materia Medica* whereby she might be rendered pregnant: For besides the Satisfaction he would receive from having a Child, it would remove some small Anxieties which he laboured under concerning a Kinsman, whom he had admitted to live in his House, and whom he was apprehensive his Wife looked upon too fondly, though, in his cooler Moments, he really imagined that his Suspicions were grounded only upon his own Inabilities.

The Doctor having enquired his Age, which was Seventy-three, and taken his Fee, advised him to go into the Country

150 THE PARASITE.

for a few Months, in order to recruit his Spirits, and avoid thinking about his Wife or his Kinsman ; and that finding his Wife in a good Habit of Body at his Return, if she did not prove pregnant in a short Time after, she would absolutely baffle his Art.

C H A P,

CHAP. XVII.

A French Ragout dressed à la naturelle. A Portrait of an English Nobleman at Paris. The valuable Character we purchase abroad for our Money. French Gratitude exemplified, and French Courage put to the Test. Some inestimable Drops, calculated for the Meridian of Berkley, Grosvenor, Hanover, and Cavendish Squares.

I THINK the most abstemious Critic must acknowledge that the Doctor has very rigidly observed the Fast which was ordered him in Chap. xxi.—And as he has not once thought of eating (*at his own Expence*) since he dined at the *Twopence Halfpenny Ordinary in Newgate-Street* (which we cannot suppose to have been a very *Epicurean Meal*)

I think he may be allowed once more to go in pursuit of a public Dinner.

This was absolutely the Case, when *Dick* passing through a Street near St. *James's*, his Attention was attracted by a Number of foreign Voices at a One-pair of Stairs Window; and looking up at the Sign, he perceived a Voucher for good Eating. Thus invited, he repaired up Stairs; when the Soup was presently served, and he found himself in Company with no less than Twelve *French* Valet de Chambres. One of them soon broke Silence to him; but as he replied with a Shake of the Head, intimating he did not understand what was said, the Person who addressed him turned to his Neighbour, and, with a Sneer, said, "*Quelle bête—il n'entend pas le François.*" This Specimen of *French* Politesse promised *Dick* some Amusement, under the Cover of his supposed Ignorance.

The Twelve *Gentlemen's Gentlemen* soon entered into general Conversation, and every one gave some Account of what had passed in their

their respective Families—Their Masters Intrigues—the Mistresses they kept—the Expences they occasioned—were so many Subjects of their Animadversion—Nay, their Ladies private Connexions and connubial Retaliations did not pass unnoticed, with now and then a Hint dropped, insinuating, that “*Madame savoit bien distinguer un homme de merite en tel état qu’il étoit.*” This insolent Vanity had nearly set *Dick’s* Blood into such a Ferment, as to have discovered his Acquaintance with what had passed.—But taking a large Draught of Beer, he washed down his Wrath, and renewed his Attention.

Most of their Lords and Masters had travelled abroad, and made some Stay at *Paris*, where they had, for the Majority, picked up these worthy and faithful Servants; and a Comment upon their Conduct, during their Residence at that Capital, furnished them with no small Scope for Satire and Ridicule. “My Lord (said one) staid Three Months at “*Paris*; and though he spent a Thousand “Pounds a Month, he did not make so good a “Figure

"Figure as a *Maitre Perruquier* in *Rue St. Honoré*."

"No (observed a Second) the *Parisians* know better Things than to let an *Englishman* do any thing but expose himself with his Money——They have too much the *Gloire of la Patrie* at Heart to let a *Jack Roast-Beef*, if he were to spend a Million a Week, vie in Grandeur and Magnificence with a *French Nobleman*."

A Third added, "Give an *Englishman* his Whore, his Dogs, and his Bottle, he is satisfied; he has no Relish for the Elegancies of Life——The Refinements of the *Beau Monde* are all thrown away upon him."

"Ay (says a Fourth) an *Englishman* travels only to shew that he has more Money than Sense, and to demonstrate that he is more the Brute than the Man."

From personal Reflections they came to national ones——They attributed all our Successes in the late War to Luck and Treachery, and would not allow the *English* to possess either Courage or Judgment; and that, as usual,

usual, we had demonstrated that the ill Fortune of the *French* in the Field was easily to be recovered by a Dash of the Pen in the Closet.

They were going on in this high Career to prove us all Brutes, Cowards, and Fools, when *Dick* found a second Draught of Beer ineffectual, and that a Love of his Country would, in Despite of himself, prevail over his curiosity, when he addressed himself to them in nearly the following Manner: “What
 “ a Set of Rascals have I got amongst!—
 “ You are not contented, Locust-like, to
 “ come and devour the Produce of our Land,
 “ to live in Ease, Idleness, and Plenty, whilst
 “ Thousands of our Countrymen, with Fifty
 “ times your Merit, are starving for want of the
 “ common Necessaries of Life, but you must
 “ even insult, slander, and abuse those who so
 “ ridiculously cherish you. Indeed it is what
 “ they richly deserve at your Hands, for be-
 “ ing partially deaf and blind to our national
 “ Deserts, in Favour of such a Set of exotic
 “ Renegadoes. But still this does not lessen
 “ your Ingratitude—If we are such a Parcel of
 “ Brutes

“ Brutes and Fools as you represent, why do
 “ you live amongst us ? Why do not you re-
 “ turn to your own Country, where Polite-
 “ nefs, Elegance, and Felicity fo much
 “ abound ? Is it becaufe you know you muft
 “ ftarve there, amidft all your pretended
 “ Luxuries of the Table ?—That you muft
 “ return to your Soup-meagre and Garlick ?
 “ —Drefs and fhawe for a Halfpenny in *Pro-*
 “ *vence* ? You who have fo indifcriminately
 “ characterifed the *Englifh* to be all Fools,
 “ have now proved yourfelves much greater,
 “ by not having common Policy fufficient to
 “ conceal your Sentiments amongst them,
 “ and whilft you ftill lie at their Mercy for
 “ Bread. As to Courage, if any amongst you
 “ have Refolution enough to difpute that
 “ Point, I am very ready to fhew you that an
 “ *Englifhman* is at no Time afraid of a Dozen
 “ *Frenchmen*.”

Dick had fcarce got half Way through his
 Speech before moft of the Guests had one by
 one fneaked off, without having nearly finifhed
 their Dinner, and there was not one left who
 had opened his Mouth directly againft the
Englifh.

Englisch. Those who remained began now to apologize for the *Indiscretion* of the departed Members, and acknowledged that they were highly to blame, and deserved to be punished for their Folly; for a harsher Name they would not give it. Nevertheless *Dick* could not prevail upon those who were left, nor the Master of the House, to furnish him with the Names of the Delinquents, as he would otherwise certainly have acquainted their Masters and Ladies of their Conduct, that they might, if they had any Sense of Feeling, treat them in the Manner they deserved.

C H A P. XVIII.

*The Camera Obscura of Genius ; being a Sketch
of some modern literary Figures, done from
Still-Life.*

WHEN Dick thought he had discovered the *Cornucopia* of *Medicine*, and the *Panacea* of *Panaceas*, he found himself greatly disturbed by an Event, which though he had for some time foreseen, he was in Hopes to have escaped the ill Effects which flowed from it. The Doctor, who had been playing at Hide-and-seek ever since his Fortune had evaporated *in fumo*, was at length discovered by the *Dutch Merchant* who was possessed of his Bond for 100 l. by Means of the great Noise he now made in the Empirical World; and a Discovery of the Place of his Abode was soon followed by a very disagreeable Messenger vulgarly called a
Bailiff,

Bailiff, who waited upon *Dick* one Morning to acquaint him he had a Writ against him for that Sum.

Our Hero made but a short Stay at the Spunging-house. As he was convinced by repeated Applications to his former Acquaintance, even those who had lived upon him for Years, and who more than once had been kept out of Jail by his Beneficence, that there were not the least Grounds to hope for either paying the Bond or satisfying the Plaintiff; he readily consented to take up his Lodgings in the *King's Bench*.

He found this Prison a much more sociable Place than he had pictured it to himself; for besides a Bookseller and a professed Wit, he met with Two Authors and a professed Poet. The Gentleman of the Trade was confined for printing nothing more than a Libel; one of the Authors for writing an inflammatory political Pamphlet; the Wit for want of Prudence; the Author for Debt; and the Poet for want of Bail.

The

The Doctor's Time passed agreeably enough amongst this Fraternity, who behaved very courteously to their new Member ; and *Dick* failed not to exert his Abilities to secure that Applause which they so lavishly bestowed upon him. There was but one Thing which gave *Dick* at this Juncture any Concern—It was neither the Loss of Liberty, nor being deprived of the Company of his agreeable Help-mate ; both these he could have had the Philosophy to bear—but unfortunately there was no getting the better of that all-powerful Argument the *Res pecuniaria* ; and the additional Misfortune was, that he could not administer his *efficacious* Remedies for his *imaginary* Disorders in his present Confinement. He found the Gentleman of the Trade was very comfortably supported by his Business, though he was no longer a Shopkeeper : That one of the Authors, who was also a Physician, but who had never yet taken a Fee, and had therefore turned a *political Doctor*, had, besides many *Douceurs* which he received from the Party on whose Side he had written, a *living*

Income

Income from the Booksellers for a Production in *Embryo*, intituled, *The History of Prime Ministers from the Revolution* *.

The other Writer had also his literary Resources; being early initiated into the Mysteries of Literature, he was ere now a perfect Adept in that peculiar Science, which very few are acquainted with, though so many attempt—the Transmutation of *base* Words into *sterling* Money. This Gentleman was particularly fortunate at expeditiously throwing off Half a Dozen Numbers of a hebdomadal Work, or a Couple of neat Pocket Volumes. The Trade were convinced of his Expedition, and the World acknowledged his Merit.

As to the Wit and the Poet, their Food and Support were light and equivocal—great Promoters of Fancy, and Auxiliaries to Invention. As these Seeds of Genius were cultivated in a Manner so universally approved, it

* The Reason that the learned World have not yet been favoured with this valuable Work, they are intirely at a Loss to account for.

would not have been surprising to have seen them equal a *Swift*, or rival a *Dryden*. But it should seem that this Culture, in whatever Estimation it may be, was not the natural Manure of their Talents, as they were never so dull as when their Parts were thus metaphorically nurtured. The Poet in one of these Flights spoke a dreadful parodized Soliloquy :

To eat or not to eat——

And the Wit held forth very learnedly upon the Virtues and Advantages of Porter.

“ I shall attempt (said this Genius) to
 “ prove the Benefits and Advantages of Por-
 “ ter-drinking to modern Authors and Poets.
 “ The Cheapness of the Acquisition, and
 “ the Ability of even a poor Author drinking
 “ great Quantities, which may serve him as
 “ well for Meat as Drink—The soporific
 “ and other excellent Qualities of this Li-
 “ quor, are the only Ballast for too vo-
 “ latile an Imagination ; and though it
 “ doth not correct the Judgment, it is sure,
 when

“ when taken in proper Quantities, to deaden
 “ the Invention, and damp all vivacious
 “ Sallies, which are so apparently and re-
 “ markably exuberant in all modern Works
 “ of Genius. It will, taken Night and
 “ Morning, convert a Poet into a Philo-
 “ sopher, and a Philosopher into a Ma-
 “ thematician ; and has been known, in
 “ some Cases, to entify a Metaphysician, and
 “ make him argue upon real Substances ;
 “ being assured, from good Authority, that
 “ Lord *Bolingbroke* wrote an elaborate and
 “ well-digested Treatise upon Hops and
 “ Malt.”

Here *Dick* desired him to advance no
 Falsities in Support of so ridiculous an Ar-
 gument—And this celebrated Wit had
 the Mortification to find, that though he
 had drank no Porter that Day, it was
 universally agreed he stood in no sort of
 Need of it, either to deaden his Imagina-
 tion, or to check the Exuberance of his
 Fancy.

The *Dutch* Merchant, who was possessed of our Hero's Bond, finding that his Confinement rendered him intirely incapable of either paying the Money, or even supporting himself, was prevailed upon to restore *Dick* his Liberty, upon Condition of discharging the Debt by different Payments at certain stipulated Times.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIX.

Dick's Authorship completely illustrated; forming a general Index to the present State of IL-LITERATURE, as usurped by Booksellers, Publisbers, and Printers.

DICK's Finances still running very low, notwithstanding his Liberty, and having by his late Confinement initiated himself into the present State of Politics, he thought he was doubly qualified to enter the List of controversial Writers—First, as his Poverty so immediately pointed out to him the direct Road to *Grub-Street*, with every Alley, Turning, and Winding (particularly in *Porridge Island*) as marked out upon the topographical Chart of Necessity, from the Verge of the Court to the *Attic* Story of Poets—And secondly, as his Abilities in political Con-

troverſy perſuaded him he could illuſtrate any Argument, prove or diſprove for any Party, or on either Side of any Queſtion that ſhould be at any time canvafſed, inveſtigated, commented upon, diſcuſſed, agitated, or fermented. To this end he rallied his Forces under proper Banners: He had ſtrung a regular Number of Arguments, Poſitions, Inferences, and Conſequences, to prove that it was impoſſible for a Man born on the northern Side of the *Tweed* to be poſſeſſed of any Virtues that could diſplay the Hero, qualify the Stateſman, or dignify the Man; that the ſole Inheritance a *Scotchman* could poſſibly lay claim to was Jacobitiſm, Slavery, and the Itch; and that therefore all thoſe who endeavoured to move eccentrically from either of theſe national Points, ſhould be conſidered in the ſame Light as the *French* Aſtronomers do *les Etoiles errantes*, and ranked among the untractable *Phænomena*. Theſe he conſidered as his popular Forces, and therefore kept them well diſciplined, that they might be always ready to attempt a Skirmiſh in the Plains of *Pamphletiſm*, where he had perſuaded himſelf

self that it was impossible to fail of Victory, when Liberty was written in Capitals upon their Standard. On the other hand he had mustered no contemptible Number of Forces in Favour of *Scottish* Measures and *Scottish* Ministers; but these he considered as Mercenaries, unable to support themselves without Subsidies pre-stipulated with the contracting Powers; and therefore kept them in Ambush, till they should be called out to Action by such stimulating Influence. These Mercenaries, who had for their Standard the *Scotch* Thistle, with the Motto of "*Point d'Argent, point de Suisse*," publicly espoused the Cause of the Sovereign, whilst they in fact only attempted to advance the Interest of the Minister—They fought against Licentiousness under the Mask of Liberty, and against Self-interest under the Veil of Patriotism. Their fundamental Maxims were, that a Man whose whole Life had been one continued Scene of Vice, could never be the real and disinterested Champion of religious and civil Liberty; and that he who endeavoured to avail himself of every little Finesse of Privilege, as

the Member of a particular Assembly, was but an impotent Defender of the Rights and Properties of the People in their general Capacity; and that so far from being the Assertor and Vindicator of the Religion, Laws, and Honour of his Country, he was but the Tool of Party and the Firebrand of Sedition.

Dick having thus mustered his Ideas *pro* and *con*, and also met with a venal Bookfeller, who would sell his Country, nay, his GOD, let him fix but the Price, he was not destitute of Hopes of soon resuming his former Appearance, and mortgaging *Scotland*, and all its Appendages, for a new Suit of Cloaths. Indeed *Dick's* Productions met with some Success, if the Sale of them may be considered in that Light—But though *Dick* could digest a Thought and run an Argument through all its Changes, yet he was far from being the happiest in the World at striking out any thing new; and his Bookfeller pronounced him the very worst Writer upon his whole List for hitting off a striking Title—*Dick* was really no-body, no-body at all for a Title: So
that

that his Bookfeller, who did not a little pique himself upon this Branch of literary Composition, was obliged to furnish him with all the Titles that he had to work upon; and this necessarily occasioned no small Drawback on the Side of his Receipts, as it was a fundamental Maxim with his Bookfeller, that half the Merit of the Work, at least, consisted in the Title.—

“ Ay (would he say) I’ve known a striking
 “ Title carry off Two Impressions, when
 “ the same Work has before laboured under
 “ an insignificant one, without being able to
 “ make its Way for Fifty.” These being his Sentiments upon this Head, it is no Wonder that a Deduction of *Cent. per Cent.* should be made upon this Score, or that *Dick* should be obliged readily to acquiesce in the exorbitant Premium.

His Bookfeller came to him one Morning, and, with Rapture sparkling in his Eyes, told *Dick*, with no small Emphasis, his Fortune was made. Our Hero, with much seeming Pleasure, wished him Joy, and asked him, whether it was by the Death of his Uncle, from whom he had great Expectations, or
 whether

whether he had got the Ten thousand Pound Prize? “No, you Blockhead (he replied) “it’s all the Work of my own Hand. Look “there,” said he, throwing down a Paper with this Inscription;

COURT PUPPIES.

WHORES OF QUALITY.

SCOUNDRELS OF DISTINCTION.

“There’s Titles for you—Ten thousand of
 “each to a Demonstration will go off—Nay,
 “I would not change for the *Woman of*
 “*Pleasure*, or *Hoyle’s Games*. Do you go
 “to Work upon them as fast as you can;
 “but be sure you get the *Court Puppies*
 “ready by the King’s Birth-Day: Ay, they
 “must appear on the Birth-Day, without
 “fail, or else every body will be out of Town,
 “and no one will attend to them. As to the
 “*Whores of Quality*, they will do either in
 “Winter or Summer, Town or Country—
 “They’ll have their Admirers in the *Hay-*
 “*market* or *Covent-Garden*, as well as at *Tun-*
 “*bridge* or *Scarborough*—They’ll be a pretty
 “light Summer’s Amusement, and will cer-
 “tainly take at *Brighthelmstone* and the *Hot*
 “*Wells*.

“ *Wells.* But be sure you lay it on thick ; do
 “ not be afraid of offending the Chastity of
 “ the Ladies—It’s all a Joke ; if it was not
 “ for Female Readers it would never be worth
 “ a Bookseller’s While to publish a Bawdy
 “ Novel. And the best Time for the *Scoun-*
 “ *drels of Distinction* to appear will be in *No-*
 “ *vember* ; they’ll cut a Figure then, when
 “ the World’s Attention is fixed upon Politics,
 “ Trials, Expulsions, false Patriotism, and
 “ false Honour.”

In saying this he turned short upon his Heel, and left *Dick* to ruminate upon the Subject Titles before him, without knowing whether he was to introduce real or imaginary Characters ; whether he might not be prosecuted, be pilloried, lose an Ear, or have his Works burned by the Hands of the common Hangman.

C H A P. XX.

A curious Dialogue that really occurred between a Patron and an Author.

DOCTOR *Swallow* had laboured in the Vineyard of Literature for many Months, without having yet been able to get a plentiful Vintage, or, indeed, a comfortable Subsistence, when a little Piece of his made some Noise in the World, and so far attracted the Notice of a certain Person in Power, that he received a Billet, desiring a private Conference. The Doctor acquitted himself so well on this Occasion, that upon a second Visit which he paid his Lordship, a very uncommon Dialogue took place; which we shall present the Reader with, as nearly as possible.

LORD.

It is certain, Doctor, you have a good Share of Wit—It is a thousand Pities that you should be curfed with that fatirical Vein of abusing People in Power.

DOCTOR.

Necessity, my Lord, has no Law: And if I were to write Panegyrics, they might rot upon my Bookfeller's Shelves, and I and my Printer starve with our Good-nature and fine Writing.

LORD.

So then I find it is not through Principle that you write; but merely for Gain.

DOCTOR.

Eating, my Lord, is a very predominant Passion, especially with us Authors, who breathe the Air in its utmost Purity, before it is condensed in these lower Regions.

LORD.

174 THE PARASITE.

LORD.

But do you think, if you were in a State of Ease and Independence, you could get the better of that splenetic Turn of yours, and let M——rs and Measures take their Chance ?

DOCTOR.

Certainly, my Lord, I would prefer Five Guineas to writing the greatest Libel that ever was penned.

LORD.

If I could be assured of this, I might, perhaps, put you out of the Case of absolute Necessity for abusing and bespattering.

DOCTOR.

Your Lordship may rely upon it that Scandal is no Passion of mine. It is a Commodity I am obliged to deal in, as it is the only saleable one at the Market of Politics.

LORD.

LORD.

Well, what do you think you could live easy and comfortable upon, without being guilty of any Extravagance ?

DOCTOR.

Why, my Lord, I could not be said to be quite snug in my Affairs, unless I had a Couple of Hundreds a Year.

LORD.

No—Methinks that is a great deal of Money.—Do you imagine you get that now ?

DOCTOR.

No, not to a Certainty, my Lord—But what with running in Debt, playing at Hide-and-seek, shifting of Lodgings without paying for them, and such-like Expedients, I believe I don't fall far short. This Year, my Lord, I believe I should clear a good deal more, as I am pretty certain the
Pamphlet

176 THE PARASITE.

Pamphlet now at Press will be burned by the Hands of the Hangman ; and then, you know, we fix our own Price.

LORD.

So then I find that this intended Discouragement of infamous Books gives them a much higher Value ; and that instead of punishing Authors and Bookfellers by these Means, we only enrich them.

DOCTOR.

It is even so, my Lord.

LORD.

Well, but if we allow you this Pension for your Taciturnity, you must give very good Security that you will never draw your Quill against the M———y any more.

DOCTOR.

THE PARASITE. 177

DOCTOR.

My Lord, you may depend upon any Security you require.

And now that we have once more rescued the Doctor from Indigence, and made him surmount his Misfortunes by Dint of his own Merit and Abilities, we should take Leave of the Reader for the present: But as it cannot be supposed that the Doctor could so suddenly retreat from the Republic of Letters without having some small *Penchant* for displaying his literary Talents, we will not so far impose upon his Patron as to aver that he was instantaneously radically cured of that inveterate and nasty Disorder the CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.—To own the Truth, the Doctor did now and then take the Pen in Hand; and as he was debarred writing upon Politics, his next most favourite Theme necessarily occupied his Attention. In one of his scribbling Moods

178 THE PARASITE.

he produced the following Chapter ; which we present the Reader with, as a Specimen of Mr. *Swallow's* Style and Manner ; whereby, if he should chance to be a Critic, he may trace out by Analogy other occasional Pieces that have been published by the same Hand.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXI.

A Dish of good Eating, cooked up according to Glasse, and other celebrated Artists. By a First Rate Toad-eater, after Twenty Years Practice.

EATING most certainly communicates the greatest Nourishment our Bodies can receive—Without it we must soon fall into Decay, become emaciated, perish, die: So that we cannot too much employ our Thoughts upon so essential and necessary a Vocation to our vital Frame. Besides the nutritious Qualities of Eating, there are many other that are nearly as stimulative to attract our Attention; and those which are not the smallest of these Incentives, are the Gratification of our Appetite, and the Titillation of our Palate. For though the austere Re-

N 2

cluse,

clude, the self-denying Hermit, or the more self-denying Miser, may rail at Sensuality, and attempt to prove that all Men are Brutes who *live more to eat than eat to live*, *Glassé, Harris, Bradley*, and many other modern Philosophers, have so fully exploded such ridiculous Notions, and so clearly evinced that the good Things of this World were not in vain dispensed us, but certainly intended as a Counterpoise to the many Evils and Misfortunes attendant upon Humanity, that it would be superfluous in me to attempt proving that the Pride of the one, the Folly of the other, and the Avarice of the third, supplied the Place of all Passion, and formed a Creed of Doctrine, which had taken Root in proportion to its Error, and which no Reason, no Conviction can deracinate.

Wherefore did Nature pour her Bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing Hand,
Covering the Earth with Odours, Fruits, and
Flocks,

Thronging the Seas with Spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious Taste?

And

THE PARASITE. 181

And set to work Millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green Shops weave the smooth-
hair'd Silk,

To deck her Sons ; and that no Corner might
Be vacant of her Plenty, in her own Loins
She hatch'd th' all-worshipp'd Ore, and pre-
cious Gems

To store her Children with : If all the World
Should in a Fit of Temp'rance feed on Pulse,
Drink the cold Stream, and nothing wear but
Frize,

Th' All-Giver would be unthank'd, would be
unprais'd,

Not half his Riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
As a penurious Niggard of his Wealth,
And live like Nature's Bastards, not her Sons,
Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own
Weight,

And strangled with her waste Fertility,
Th' Earth cumber'd and the wing'd Air dark'd
with Plumes,

The Herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' un-
sought Diamonds

182 THE PARASITE.

Would so imblaze the Forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestud with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to Light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless Brows.

MILTON.

I shall not, therefore, at this Time of Day, when so much has been written upon *good Living* in general, and *good Eating* in particular, endeavour to prove its Utility—Let any Man who has pored only for Three Days over the primitive Fathers, and exercised all the cardinal Virtues during that Time *in his Garret*, having but one single Argument of a smoking Surloin of Beef opposed to all their Logic, and if he does not become a Profelyte to the *Vitriarian* System, I will give up the Doctrine, or he must soon be the Ghost. In a word, *Eating* carries with it such irrefragable Arguments, that few, very few, can indeed resist. It has made its Way more, or less, at all Times and in *most* Countries, from the Arctic Circle to the South Pole—It has been adopted by most Societies, under most Reigns, and even the greatest Tyrants have not been able to banish it from their Realms,
 except

except in Time of Famine—It has been introduced into most Societies—is a fundamental Rule (though no *Secret*) among the *Masons*; and even the barefooted *Capuchins* and *Cordeliers* have not been able to explode it. But it never flourishes with so much Splendor as in a Land of Liberty—*England*, we greet thee as the imperial Seat of good Eating and public Scandal!—In these what Spot, what Clime can equal thee?

It is, doubtless, to these Two peculiar Privileges, inherent in *Englishmen*, that we may attribute all our Glory, all our Success in the late War: For had not the Liberty of the Press so effectually shot and removed the *Byngian* Party, and had not our Beef and Pudding added so effectual a Weight (not of Metal, but) of Corpulence to and so completely invigorated the Navigators of our floating Batteries, we might, under the baneful Influence of *Soup-meagre* (if such had been our Lot) have pusillanimously yielded the Sovereignty of the Main to the *Gallic* Flag.

To consider Eating in a physical Light, we must certainly believe that our Bodies must be nourished proportionably to the Nourishment afforded it; that the Qualities of our Diet must be communicated to the Blood; and that by a regular Circulation it must, in due Course of Time, dispense its Qualities to the other Juices, thence to the Solids: So that in a certain Series of Time our whole Bodies must be strictly analogous to the Food we receive. Upon this Principle then every one who pays a proper Attention to his immediate and personal Welfare, will, doubtless, consider *good Eating* as the most essential Object of our Lives, as the most important Subject of our Meditations. To illustrate this still farther, it requires but little Application to the animal World to observe they thrive and flourish in proportion to the Goodness and Qualities of their Food: So in human Life we seldom or never see Poverty and Distress attended with roseate Health, cheerful Looks, and blooming Air—Nay, the Poor and Needy constantly indicate, by the Coarseness

ness of their Skins, the Indelicacy of their Persons, and the Noxiousness of their Effluvias, the nauseous Diet which just affords them Existence—But look into the *Ruelles* of the delicate Females of Fashion, who never touch aught but white Meats, and the Niceties of Nature; observe the Beauty of their Complexions, the Softness of their Skins, the Odour of their Breaths, and you would imagine them another Species of Beings; at least that the first were Earthen Ware, and these the genuine *Asiatic Porcelaine*.

Our worthy Citizens of *London*, with great Propriety as the Governors of the Metropolis, take peculiar Care, on all Occasions, to demonstrate their Sentiments upon this noble, this patriotic Subject; I mean good Eating. They stand forth striking Examples to all minor Corporations, who, as Bodies Politic as well as Corporate, should be peculiarly tenacious of this great and fundamental Privilege (which certainly was intended to be comprized in *Magna Charta*) lest any wicked Minister might, by *Scottish* or other Influence, extracting

extracting his œconomical and parsimonious Notions from the famished *Borean* Mountains, endeavour to circumscribe this great, this national Prerogative *. But as it cannot be supposed many of the distant Boroughs in the West and North of *England* can be so well acquainted with the Rules and Principles of good Eating in all its extensive Branches; and as so many Volumes are necessary to be overhawled for extracting the Quintessence of *Westphalia* Hams, or turtellizing *Calves-Heads*, *cum multis aliis*, &c.—Having for upwards of Twenty Years practised the noble and almost royal Science of *Toad-eating*, I have selected and compiled a regular System, which will be of infinite Service to initiate all Novices into the Art, Mystery, and Calling of good Eating; which I shall shortly publish in Folio, with Plates of all such exotic Dishes as have been imported since the Revolution. That an Idea of my general

* We are sorry to find the Doctor's want of Prudence so early demonstrate itself, notwithstanding the Assurances he had so lately given his Lordship.

THE PARASITE. 187

Plan may be formed, I shall here set down the Heads of some of the principal Chapters; and as I doubt not soon to obtain some thousand Subscribers, the Work will be sent to Press, and published with all convenient Speed.

C H A P. I.

Good Eating a complex Idea of mixed Modes, defined according to Mr. *Locke*.

C H A P. II.

Rules for saying Grace at a City Feast—tucking in the Napkin, laying in Ambush for Venison Fat, the procuring of warm Plates, and securing Currant Jelly. By an eminent Hand.

C H A P. III.

The cheapest and most expeditious Method of fattening an Alderman fit to take the Chair—Founded upon Monsieur *Cochon's* System of fattening Turkeys in Coops—Shewing the Utility of cramming with Force meat.

188 THE PARASITE.

CHAP. IV.

A short Dissertation upon bolting Custard upon Emergency, and the safest Way of Digestion.

CHAP. V.

A specific Preservative against Apoplexies. Very necessary to be taken by all Members of Corporations before Dinner. This is the genuine Tincture of Sage-Valerian, discovered by the learned and renowned Doctor *Johannes Montano*, A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. (*Anglice*) Member of all Societies and Academies in *Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, and Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor of *Abissinia*.

CHAP.

THE PARASITE. 189

CHAP. VI.

A new System of devouring Turtle in all its various Forms; from the original Manuscript of *John Cayenne*, Esq; the *Creolian*, who first introduced this great Addition to *English* Luxury into this Kingdom.

CHAP. VII.

A certain Rule for preventing Indigestion, and recovering of lost Appetite. The most efficacious Method of taking Whets; and a small Comment upon the Utility of Clysters. By a Common Council-man of the City of *London*.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The whole Art of *Toad-eating* made easy to the meanest Capacity. Containing the properest Means of Introduction to great Tables, the essential Precautions to be observed there; the Necessity of Complaisance, Forbearance, Patience, Concession. Rules for Smiling, Laughing, and Approbation; with the proper Behaviour to Servants, &c.

To which are subjoined, some excellent and practical Observations upon a Jaunt to *Blackwall* to eat White Beat, and a Trip to *Frankfort upon the Oder* to taste Sour Crout in its genuine Perfection. Selected from the original MSS. of Sir *John Guzzle*, Mynheer *Van Draken Snuken*, the celebrated walking Webb of itinerant Memory, and other great Authorities.

END of VOL. II.